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The Shape of Things

REPORTS THAT KING VICTOR EMANUEL HAS abdicated or is about to do so should, we believe, be heavily discounted, although there is little doubt that Italy is experiencing a severe internal crisis. The re-emergence of generals who had been out of favor suggests that an attempt is being made by the army to disassociate itself from the Fascisti and force Mussolini to relinquish direct control of defense. Meanwhile the Duce is trying to restore the crumbling basis of his power by purging the Fascist Party leadership and appointing members of the Old Guard to key positions. But the party itself is sick. Its numbers have been declining rapidly—a sign that membership is coming to be regarded as a liability instead of the essential foundation of any kind of career. Under these circumstances the problem of Italy becomes for the Allies as much political as military. And therein lies a danger. We may have offers not from one Darlan but a dozen—representatives of various interests which have supported Mussolini for twenty years but are now getting ready to abandon a sinking ship. We cannot afford to give patronage to any group or personality discredited with the Italian people; and that includes the royal family. For while it is not our business to depose Victor Emanuel, it is even less our business to prop him up. Recent reports have suggested that as and when we defeat the various Axis powers we shall deal only with the military authorities and only on the basis of unconditional surrender. We hope that this is indeed the policy which will be followed in Italy; any attempt to negotiate with self-appointed groups must involve the continuation of fascism under a new guise.

*

TWO MONTHS AGO BLAIR BOLLES WROTE IN *The Nation* that if Washington gives President Benes a good reception, "it will mean that the United States government is approaching a decision in favor of friendship with Russia." If Mr. Bolles's thesis is sound—and we believe it is—then we are indeed edging toward a closer collaboration with the Soviets, because the reception to the President of Czecho-Slovakia leaves nothing to be desired in the way of cordiality. He has been entertained at the White House, addressed Congress, and witnessed the elevation of his country's diplomatic mis-

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sion to the status of an embassy. These attentions, the sweeter we hope for being so long overdue, are the more striking in view of Dr. Benes's prospective visit to Moscow. Traditionally close to the Anglo-American-French democracies, Benes has come in the past year to appreciate the indispensability of friendly Russian participation in a stable Europe. He is thus peculiarly fitted for the role of liaison in the vital task of clearing away the suspicions which still tend to keep the Soviet Union at arm's length from its allies. As a corollary to friendlier relations with the Russians, the Benes visit heralds an end to flirtations with those who, like Otto Hapsburg, Eckhardt, and Hodza, have been fostering here the dream of a *cordon sanitaire*. A strong Czecho-Slovakia has always been a nightmare to these individuals, and it is good to see that nightmare taking on the flesh of reality.

*

WE CAN'T GET AS EXCITED ABOUT THE reciprocal-trade-treaty program as Cordell Hull—he calls it "the central and indispensable point in any feasible program of international cooperation"—but we find much to cheer about in the resounding decision of the House of Representatives to extend the program. In the first place, the vote is an astonishing tribute to a scheme that has proved its soundness and a recognition that international trade cannot be a one-way affair. When the trade pacts were first proposed in 1934, only 2 Republican Congressmen out of a total of 101 dared to support this challenge to the high protective tariff and the belief in economic isolationism. Six years later the scheme attracted only 5 Republicans out of 161. Last week 145 Republicans, including Hamilton Fish, voted aye to 52 against, and even the G. O. P. National Chairman, Harrison E. Spangler, was quoted on the floor in support of the measure. The vote does not necessarily herald a peace based on genuine international cooperation, but it is a hopeful move all the same. Just how hopeful may be gauged by imagining the sour effect which defeat of the scheme, or even a close vote, would have had throughout the world. Almost equally refreshing is the sight of the Republican delegation split on a matter of principle instead of solid as a matter of politics.

*

TO ANYONE FAMILIAR WITH THE CAREER and personality of Dr. Robert Morss Lovett, the suggestion that he "harbors subversive sympathies" seems too ridiculous to deserve comment. Yet that charge has not only been made against him in all seriousness by the Dies Committee for the Assassination of Character; it has been "checked" and found valid by the Kerr Committee for Compounding Dies's Crimes; and finally it has been accepted by the House Appropriations Committee as a contributing reason for dismissing Dr. Lovett as Lieutenant Governor of the Virgin Islands through the device of eliminating the post. The one bright spot in this nasty affair is that Harold L. Ickes happens to be Dr. Lovett's boss; and the action of the committee is not likely to diminish the wholly justified rage with which the Curmudgeon last week greeted the Kerr committee's slanderous and idiotic "findings." Mr. Ickes issued a vigorous defense of Dr. Lovett, whom he has known for forty-five years, and denounced the committee for resorting to the "type of liquidation that is offered in conquered European nations." We hope Mr. Ickes will succeed in keeping Dr. Lovett at his post. Meanwhile we suggest that Americans of all opinions ponder the charges made against Dr. Lovett. As evidence of his "subversive sympathies" the Kerr committee cited among other things the fact that he had once voted for Norman Thomas, that he had been an editor of the *New Republic*, and that he had been affiliated with the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Birth Control League. The witch-hunt of the Dies and Kerr committees is moving rapidly into the A. Mitchell Palmer phase, in which subversive is a synonym for liberal.

*

AN ALL-OUT BLAST AT SOCIAL SECURITY, written by Gerhard Hirschfeld, "research director" of the Insurance Economics Society of America, which just appeared in *Barron's*, is being given wide circulation by unknown sponsors. Mr. Hirschfeld charges that a Beveridge plan for America, giving the same security that is provided by the British plan, would cost us some $15 billion a year. This is an interesting calculation, coming from the source it does, because what Mr. Hirschfeld is saying, without in the least intending to, is that the United States falls short by some $15 billion of providing the everyday subsistence needs of its population. For all that the Beveridge plan pretends to do for England is to meet these minimum needs. Its scale of benefits is often low by American standards. The difference between Beveridge's proposals and our present social-security system lies chiefly in the fact that the Beveridge plan attempts to meet all types of insecurity on the same basis, while ours has many serious gaps. Mr. Hirschfeld admits that an annual burden of $15 billion might not be excessive for a national income of $100 billion or more if it were borne by salary- and wage-earners, but he finds, to his great chagrin, that these groups probably cannot carry more than one-fourth of the burden and that the rest will fall on the "upper middle class and the well-to-do." That simply can't be tolerated!

*

OUR CRITICISMS OF DOLLAR-A-YEAR MEN have appeared unduly harsh to some of our readers. But after reading the remarks of that Grand Old Republi-

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can William Allen White on their activities we feel like editorial Milquetoasts. In a pungent comment in the Emporia *Gazette,* Mr. White, whose recent illness has happily left his vigor unabated, described the two wars in Washington—the foreign war and the domestic war. "The domestic war front," he wrote, "is in the various war boards. . . . Here in Washington every industry is interested in saving its own self. It wants to come out of the war with a whole hide and with its organization unimpaired, legally or illegally. One is surprised to find men representing great commodity trusts or agreements or syndicates planted in the various war boards. It is silly to say New Dealers run this show. It's run largely by absentee owners of amalgamated industrial wealth. . . . For the most part these managerial magnates are decent, patriotic Americans. They have great talents. If you touch them in nine relations of life out of ten, they are kindly, courteous Christian gentlemen. But in the tenth relation, where it touches their own organization, they are stark mad, ruthless, unchecked by God or man, paranoiacs, in fact, as evil in their design as Hitler."

*

IN DISCUSSIONS OF HOW TO GET AID TO China with the Burma road closed, too little attention has been paid to the unique possibilities of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. These cooperatives have demonstrated their ability, with a minimum of outside assistance, to make a large part of the war supplies needed in China with local labor and materials. They have shown that they can get into production within a few weeks and that they can continue production under front-line conditions. There are at present in China some hundreds of thousands of refugees from the Japanese-occupied famine areas who could be organized for cooperative production with a very limited amount of technical and material aid from the United States. China's remarkable success with industrial cooperatives suggests also a technique for post-war reconstruction which might be fully as applicable in Europe as in Asia.

*

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TVA ON May 18 finds the once stormy petrel of domestic politics generally accepted as a valuable asset to the nation's defenses. Its thirteen completed dams, harnessing the tremendous energy of the Tennessee River and its tributaries, have made possible a huge industrial expansion for the war program. They have also provided some six hundred miles of navigable waterways to relieve our overburdened transportation system. But most significant of all has been the conversion of the TVA's phosphatic fertilizer plant, around which its soil-rehabilitation program revolved, to the production of badly needed phosphates for munitions. The TVA's steady growth in productivity is worthy of more attention than it has received. Starting in 1933 with a production of 15,688 kilowatt-hours, its power output rose to 1,733,000,000 kilowatt-hours in 1939 and is expected to reach 9,100,000,000 this year. During the same period river traffic has risen from 32,658,000 to 161,469,000 ton-miles. While these figures indicate the extent to which the TVA has justified itself in time of war, its greatest contribution to American life does not appear in statistical tables. Its educational, health, and agricultural-rehabilitation projects have made a contribution not only to America, in terms of better citizens, but to the world in suggesting a technique capable of being applied in many of the most backward areas of the earth. Special honor is due at this time to ex-Senator Norris, who more than any dozen other men is responsible for the TVA and its achievements.

Fiscal Conjuring

A MORE or less unadulterated version of the Ruml plan has been voted by the Senate and may well have received the indorsement of the House by the time this issue of *The Nation* is published. But the bill will still need the President's signature, and in a letter addressed to Senator George and Representative Doughton Mr. Roosevelt has hinted strongly that his veto power will be exercised. Mr. Roosevelt makes it clear that he favors the withholding section of the bill, which provides for a much-needed improvement in the mechanism of tax collection. And realizing that the transition may work hardship on those groups whose tax rates are likely to be drastically increased this year—the lower and middle brackets—he is prepared to approve "substantial adjustments." But he evidently considers total abatement of 1942 taxes too high a price to pay for the admitted benefits of withholding.

It has always been argued by the Ruml claque that the two sections must go together, that if withholding were introduced without forgiving 1942 taxes and putting everyone on a "current" basis, it would mean a double burden on taxpayers this year which they could not shoulder. Actually it would be perfectly possible to devise a method of withholding taxes at the source of income without inflicting such a double burden, as Jerome Weinstein showed in these pages on February 20, and the Treasury, we believe, has been negligent in not exploring this avenue. The Rumlites were, of course, not interested, since withholding—not included in the original Ruml plan—has been for them not an end in itself but simply a means of putting over the greatest raid on the public purse in history.

The essence of the Ruml plan is fiscal conjuring. We have been told *ad nauseam* that no "forgiveness" is really involved and that it is possible, at one and the same time, for taxpayers to be saved $10 billion while the Treasury

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loses nothing. The greater part of the press has attested so long and unanimously to the authenticity of this miracle that the editorial writers have convinced most people, including themselves. Indeed, we have even been assured that so far from losing anything the Treasury will actually increase its receipts. A few old-fashioned folk remained skeptical. One of them, Senator Connally of Texas—in a speech barely mentioned in the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*—insisted stoutly, "If the taxpayer pays taxes on 1942 and 1943 income the government gets two years' taxes. If he pays only 1943 taxes, the government will never get 1942 taxes. Bring in all your professors, and if they can demonstrate that if a man keeps $600,000 in his pocket the government is not worse off, I'll withdraw these remarks. Santa Claus is here. You are giving a man with a million-dollar income $854,000 in order to get his chauffeur on a current basis."

Santa Claus is here indeed, and though it may be blasphemy to say so, he is as usual distributing his gifts in direct proportion to the income of the households which he visits. In fact, we shall not be surprised if it turns out that he has been taking from the poor to give to the rich. For after Congress finally stops talking about *how* taxes should be paid, it must get down to the question of *what* should be paid.

Although the United States is the wealthiest country in the world, it is today meeting a smaller proportion of its war costs and receiving from taxes a smaller proportion of national income than any other belligerent. There is an urgent need of more revenue, and the Treasury has asked, and will ask again, for an additional $16 billion. If this sum is levied by income tax it will mean raising the rates so as to double the present yield. But on what classes will these increased rates mainly fall? Since it is not possible to double taxes in those brackets already paying more than 50 per cent, rates on incomes in the lower and middle brackets will have more than doubled. Thus the vast majority of taxpayers are likely to find that what they have gained on the Ruml swings they will lose, and more than lose, on the roundabouts of the next tax bill.

As Senator La Follette said in a speech opposing the Ruml plan, "Although the expedient of canceling 1942 tax liabilities has no significance so far as reducing the ultimate tax burden of the war, it is significant as a means of redistributing that burden at the expense of the lower and middle income groups. It is a foregone conclusion that the amounts forgiven each of the various income groups cannot, as a practical matter, be recovered from exactly the same groups through increased rates. The rates in the upper brackets cannot be raised substantially. Whether the increased burden takes the form of increased income-tax rates, compulsory savings, or consumption taxes, the middle- and lower-income taxpayers are going to foot the bill."

If this situation does not arise, it will only be because Congress, having made so handsome a gesture of forgiveness to the taxpayers as a whole, will funk the consequences of canceling it out so far as the lower brackets are concerned. And that will mean that the enactment of the Ruml plan will not only have deprived the Treasury of sorely needed revenues but will have frozen tax rates at a level far too low to meet the fiscal needs of the country and to check inflationary spending.

Will Hitler Abandon Mussolini?

HITHERTO it has always been assumed that however disillusioned and dispirited Italy might become, it could not revolt against the Axis or attempt to make a separate peace because it was completely under Hitler's thumb. Perhaps the number of German troops in the peninsula at any one time has been exaggerated, but there is little doubt that the Gestapo has been strategically posted throughout Italy, while the Luftwaffe has established numerous bases in Calabria, Sicily, and Sardinia. Germany's chief hold on its partner, however, has been economic. Without German coal, iron, and other materials Italy's industry cannot operate, and its services are completely dependent on the oil which Hitler allots to them from his own restricted supplies.

So it is correct to talk of Italy as a puppet state, powerless to act against the wishes of Berlin. The question that now arises, however, is whether Hitler can any longer afford to keep his thumb on Rome. That must be one of the most acute problems facing the Führer. If he is to continue to control Italy he must provide it with backbone. He must send troops, planes, guns, and raw materials. And with the Allies threatening to invade Sicily, and perhaps the mainland, in force, that may easily mean an unlimited investment. He has just expended fifteen divisions or so in a bid for time in Africa. How many more would be absorbed by a prolonged defense of the vulnerable Italian coastline?

On the other hand, Hitler has to face the prospect of Italy's rapid collapse should he abandon it to its own devices. The country is short of food and economically disorganized. Its people, exposed to terrific aerial bombardment, are clearly in no moral state to put up a desperate resistance. If it surrendered, the Alpine wall would still bar the Allies from an easy advance into Germany itself. But with the Allies in Italy the whole Nazi position in the Balkans would be outflanked. How tenable would Greece be under such circumstances? Would it be possible to resist a drive on the Aegean shores by the Ninth British Army, now in the Middle East? And if the Germans had to abandon Greece, could their retreat stop short of the Danube? Again, Allied

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occupation of northern Italy and Corsica would threaten the German forces in southern France. Would the hastily constructed coastal defenses of the Riviera then prove sufficient?

Clearly, a decision to cut his losses in Italy is not one that Hitler can make lightly. Nevertheless, there are indications that he is pulling out. From Stockholm come reports of peremptory demands by Mussolini for more anti-aircraft guns and planes. This seems credible in view of the pounding that southern Italy is now receiving and the notorious inadequacy of the Italian air force. Numerous stories from Berne speak of troop trains taking German soldiers and their equipment north while Italians move south. Another report says that a large part of the Italian army of laborers in Germany has been repatriated. News from these neutral centers must be treated with reserve, but the Rome radio hardly disguises the fact that the Italian government is in an extreme state of jitters. Further, four Italian generals, three of whom had earlier in the war been retired in semi-disgrace, have been given command of the Italian armed forces, and Marshal Badoglio, long at odds with Mussolini, has been called back to assume supreme command in the south. It is certain that if German troops were destined to play any considerable part in the defense of Italy they would not do so under an Italian commander.

Is Japan Next?

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL'S latest journey to Washington on the heels of the spectacular Tunisian victory has occasioned a welter of speculation regarding the possibilities of major offensive action in the Far East. The fact that Marshal Wavell, commander-in-chief in India, Admiral Somerville, commander of British naval forces in the Bay of Bengal, and Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse accompanied Churchill and are presumably conferring with Lieutenant General Stilwell and Major General Chennault makes it evident that the Far East is being discussed.

The Tunisian victory carries at least as great potentialities for the East as it does for the West. In reopening the Mediterranean, the Allies cut by weeks the length of time needed to get supplies to India, and thus released hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping for use in a possible Far Eastern offensive. There is also a possibility that the British will be able to spare a portion of their Mediterranean fleet to support operations in the Indian Ocean. This possibility would become almost a certainty if the United Nations should succeed in destroying or immobilizing the Italian fleet within the next few months. The shifting of the powerful Mediterranean fleet to the East through Suez would open the way for a direct sea invasion of Burma and might even be the first step in an attempt to recapture the East Indies.

The effects of these favorable developments on Far Eastern strategy are doubtless being thoroughly explored at Washington. This does not mean that the decision to concentrate first on the defeat of Germany is being reconsidered. But within the framework of that decision there is considerable leeway for a shifting strategy of warfare against Japan. Many changes have occurred in the over-all picture since Roosevelt and Churchill first decided—a few weeks after Pearl Harbor—to place first emphasis on the European struggle. After two winter setbacks in Russia and a crushing defeat in North Africa, Germany does not appear nearly so formidable as it did in December, 1941. Japan, on the other hand, has greatly increased its potential strength by the conquest of the Philippines, Singapore, the East Indies, and Burma. Our great Far Eastern ally—China—has been all but completely cut off from the Western world and is finding difficulty in holding its own against new Japanese drives. Thus a greater relative emphasis on the Far East would seem to be called for.

The most important immediate objective of offensive action in the Pacific is obviously the reopening of the Burma supply line to China. This represents a considerably more ambitious undertaking than the United Nations were prepared for a year ago. Even the minor excursion into the Akyab area appears to have turned out badly, and the British forces that invaded western Burma have withdrawn into India. But the British now have an army of more than two million men in India, and with adequate naval support they might be able to land a strong force near Rangoon and thus avoid the necessity of slow, costly, mountain fighting. The American contribution to such an attack would presumably be chiefly in the air, although we might offer some naval aid.

It is quite possible, however, that the chief blow against Japan will come from another direction. The American landing on Attu suggests a greater use of the northern route to Tokyo. And there are many indications that our forces in China are being steadily strengthened. The existence of heavy American bombers in China has been revealed for the first time within the past fortnight. Preparations are reported to be under way for enlarging the port facilities of San Francisco to handle 100,000 men at a time instead of the present 50,000. Since only a few thousand men were involved in the fighting in Guadalcanal and New Guinea, it is evident that the Japanese are in for some surprises far transcending anything they have yet met. The main drive against Japan may wait, as Churchill declared earlier, upon the defeat of Hitler. But the Japanese had better not count too heavily on that. President Roosevelt's message to Chiang Kai-shek expressing "hope" that the Allied armies, in cooperation with the Chinese, would launch an offensive in Asia in "the very near future"

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seemed to reflect more than the usual diplomatic courtesy. The blow may not come next week, next month, or until after the monsoon season in Burma, but for the first time since Pearl Harbor there is reason to believe that the Far East is receiving nearly equal attention with Europe in the planning of Allied offensive strategy. That in itself is a matter for intense satisfaction.

To Shorten the War

THE report filed by the Kilgore committee, a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, is the ablest exposition we have yet encountered of the need for an over-all Office of War Mobilization. Although the problems of man-power, production, and economic stabilization grow ever more interdependent, the committee finds "little understanding" of this interdependence and no "mechanism to provide for policy decisions which concern all three aspects of the war-production effort." These findings are not based upon deduction, random inquiry, or surmise but upon executive sessions at which the committee questioned former Justice Byrnes of the Office of Economic Stabilization, Paul V. McNutt of the War Manpower Commission, and Charles E. Wilson, executive vice-chairman of the War Production Board. "The three witnesses," the committee says, "agreed that their three programs are interdependent and interrelated," "but each testified that policy decisions in his particular agency are confined to the limits of authority delegated to that agency, and that such decisions are reached by the individual agencies on a unilateral basis."

Testimony showed, for example, that war production was being expanded or cut back in individual plants without consultation with the War Manpower Commission. These developments became known to the commission only after they had taken place and in many cases only by accident. The poor results at Willow Run were discussed with the witnesses, who agreed that this specific problem involved questions of man-power, production, and economic stabilization, but here again the problem was treated purely as a WPB matter, "and no attempt has been made to reach a joint agreement on action needed." The committee finds a lack of coordination not only among these three agencies but within them. Of the Manpower Commission it reports that demands of war contractors "are merely being checked on a statistical basis. . . . There has been no practical control over the validity of demands by war contractors or to prevent hoarding, inefficient use of labor, unnecessary absenteeism, or labor idleness resulting from poor production methods and organization." The importance of such a check-up may be seen from the committee's observations in the field of aircraft. It says that while the program for 1943 calls for 750,000 additional workers, "it appears that existing and even higher production commitments could be met with one-half or one-third of the additional workers if steps were taken to obtain the most efficient utilization of man-power already on the job."

The Manpower Commission is not the only one of the three key agencies accused of slackness in its tasks. It says that while Wilson "is exerting very real pressure to improve inventory control and to improve scheduling of materials by the services," the WPB neither balances the fundamental elements of the production program nor acts "to assure the most efficient utilization of facilities, raw materials, and other resources." Likewise the committee criticizes Byrnes for failing, in most cases, to coordinate wage and price policies with man-power and production. One of the exceptions, praised by the committee, is his handling of the situation in non-ferrous metals. A large part of the credit goes to the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union, which has sought for more than two years to impress on the public the interrelationship of wage and man-power problems with production. The committee reports that 75 to 85 per cent of all wage cases before the War Labor Board represent requests by employers to raise wages so they can hold their labor force. It concludes that "if wages and prices had been administered as production and man-power instruments, stabilization of both the wage and price structure by industry-wide agreements, with incentive payments for increased production, would have become the basis for policy at an early stage."

The committee finds that as a result of this loose control of the basic factors of production we are behind schedule "in many important programs" and that several, including those for aircraft, tanks, and ordnance, have been "materially reduced." It sees the need for three remedies. One is the abolition of the cost-plus system, which leaves "no incentives for efficient use of facilities, labor, and materials." The second is the substitution of a total-war psychology for one of business as usual. "In almost every phase of the war effort we have continued to rely upon customary practices and relationships." The committee wants us to develop that "unified policy and operational structure which is the basis of competent organization in government as well as business." For this purpose it offers a new version of last year's Kilgore-Pepper-Tolan bill for an over-all War Mobilization Board and an Office of War Mobilization which would bring all factors—man-power, production, prices, and scientific resources—under the control of one central body. Sooner or later we shall be forced by circumstances to adopt some such measure. The sooner we do so the faster we shall increase the flow of material, and the speed of this, in turn, will determine the length of the war and the number of those who must fall on the battlefield before it ends.

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My Plan à la Fischer

BY ELY CULBERTSON

I CONFESS to considerable difficulty in dealing with the article on my World Federation Plan by Louis Fischer in *The Nation* of April 24. Mr. Fischer did with the presentation of the plan what the good old monks used to do in copying the text of some author whose arguments they did not like or feared. By the time Fischer had finished with his subtle interpolations, his deft omissions, his watering down of the strong arguments and blowing up of the weaker ones, the God was gone from the text and only the shadow of Satan remained.

Ely Culbertson

The result of Fischer's effort is a strange hybrid—Fischer's fulminating critique of the Culbertson plan à la Fischer.

The World Federation Plan is the result of many years of painstaking work. Louis Fischer did not do me the honor even to read the plan through. This will be apparent to anyone who compares my "Summary of the World Federation Plan" with Fischer's presentation of it in *The Nation*. By the time Fischer has offered his own inimitable version of the eleven Regional Federations which make up the World Federation, he has succeeded in painting a sinister picture of big, grasping, imperialistic nations exploiting the rest of the world. Then Mr. Fischer exclaims righteously, "What a nice mess all this will make!"

Indeed, Mr. Fischer, what a mess!

Fischer failed to mention anywhere that according to the plan large states will have much *less* control over the smaller sovereign states *than they ever had before.*

In fact, throughout his entire article Louis Fischer does not once mention the constitution of the World Federation; or the provisions for economic, educational, scientific, and other world-wide organizations within the World Federation; or the political and economic structure of the Regional Federations, so designed that they would serve as an indispensable, intermediate step toward the realization of the ideal of world citizenship and a free Cooperative of Nations.

Having thus conditioned his reader, Louis Fischer waves his magic wand over the eleven Regional Federations and pronounces them "unrealistic." On the contrary, they are entirely realistic. I didn't create these regions as a God creating the earth in six days. They are there in flesh and blood. They already exist as geographic, economic, and psycho-social units—eleven big realities that stare one in the eyes. Look at the historical map of the world and notice how, through centuries and millenniums of history, the patterns of these eleven regions have twisted and shaped themselves. There is Malaysia with its 150,000,000 people of predominantly Malaysian stock. There are Japan, China, and India; there is the Islamic world from the Dardanelles to the Nile. Is Russia unrealistic? Or the western Slavs? Are the Germanic or Latin regions that grew out of the Holy Roman and ancient Roman empires figments of my imagination? To Louis Fischer the British Empire is a geographical absurdity. To me it is a historical, psycho-social, and economic reality. It is also a military reality.

It is all very well for my friend Fischer to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire at meetings in New York; but in London Churchill presides over the soon-to-be-victorious Britain. And he disagrees. And not only Churchill and the Tories; the great majority of the British people disagree. Behind the ugly façade of the British Empire we must not lose sight of the British Commonwealth of Nations, which is one of the most vital civilizing forces of today and tomorrow. Certainly, any feeling man is indignant over the many iniquities of British imperialism. And thinking men know that the British Empire is paved with good intentions. There is many a slip between the cup of freedom and the lip-service of the British Tories. But the friends of India cannot, for instance, achieve its independence by parading with placards on the streets of New York. An entirely different and more realistic approach is necessary.

Louis Fischer again waves his magic wand over the American Strategic Zone in my plan and proclaims it "imperialistic." He says, "Culbertson convicts himself," and as a bill of indictment proceeds to quote from my text of the Summary: "The establishment of the American Strategic Zone is a matter of vital necessity to the

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United States, and must be accomplished regardless of whether or not the World Federation is adopted." Then Mr. Fischer gleefully comments, "So there you have Culbertson, the great world reformer."

In the plan the American Strategic Zone consists of fortified bases running across and beyond the Western Hemisphere from Iceland to northern Thailand and Indo-China. The Latin American territories are excepted. These fortified bases will be held by the American contingent of the World Federation armed forces. They will be held on a long-lease basis by an arrangement similar to that now prevailing in Cuba or Bermuda, and until such time as the World Federation machinery is in full and secure operation. In all other respects the full sovereignty of every nation will be safeguarded, and it is further provided that all the undeveloped populations of the world shall be liberated.

Is this imperialism? If it is, then I am proud to be an imperialist.

Let us now assume that the World Federation does not come into existence, to Mr. Fischer's utter delight. In that event the odds will be heavily in favor of world power-politics prevailing over Fischer's welfare-politics; and it will be even more vital for our own security to occupy and maintain this chain of fortified centers.

If, in addition, we stop prattling about the Good Neighbor policy and turn to deeds, we can create a bloc of permanently allied nations containing 400,000,000 North Americans, Latin Americans, and Malaysians. This we can start doing at once by promulgating the Charter of the Pan-American Federation and establishing a regional council of strictly limited power, with a president, a regional supreme court to prohibit war and settle disputes, and a regional police force to enforce the prohibition of intra-regional wars. The 120,000,000 Latin Americans and the 130,000,000 North Americans would have equal representation in the regional government. Its formation would be the first decisive step toward a world based on a higher law. It would electrify the Latin Americans and the world by proving that we seek no political, economic, or ideological control over other nations and that we do renounce aggression not only in words but in deeds. The Malaysian Federation, also based on the essential sovereignty of constituent nations, can be organized after the defeat of Japan.

What does Louis Fischer propose to do with the Malaysian Region in the heart of the Pacific, surrounded by vastly populous, rapidly growing industrial powers—perhaps the seat of future Hitlers? Find a Malaysian Gandhi? When Mr. Fischer's seventy-odd simultaneous people's revolutions triumph, I shall have no objection to the withdrawal of the American troops from the American Strategic Zone. Until then we Americans must take elementary strategic precautions for the defense of the oceanic approaches to the American continent.

The American people—and I among them—seek no profit from the sweated pennies of the Malaysian peasants. But before we put all our eggs into Mr. Fischer's or any other idealistic basket, we must make sure that we have an "out," a line of strategic retreat.

Is this reactionary? If it is, then I am proud to be a reactionary.

Mr. Fischer tries to pin me down with a piece of dialectic sophistry. He writes: "If Culbertson believes in the necessity of protective zones for the major powers, his whole World Federation Plan is nonsense. You either believe in security through international organization or you don't. Apparently, Ely Culbertson doesn't." I do most fervently believe in security through the World Federation. But I also believe in the time factor. There will be a time-lag between the beginning and the completion of the establishment of the World Federation as a substitute for power politics. However carefully blueprinted, the World Federation will have to be tested in actual operation. Until then the great powers will naturally not give up any of their own means of defense or their own strategic zones. Certainly Russia will not give up an inch, and neither will Britain unless compensated elsewhere. Hence the concept of the National Contingents and the Strategic Zones for the big four of the United Nations. Hence my "pandering," as Mr. Fischer calls it, to victorious Britain, Russia, China, and the United States. The concept of Strategic Zones in the World Federation Plan not only limits the ambitions of individual great powers to a reasonable minimum but is the only safe way for the great powers to agree to the establishment of a true world organization endowed with a powerful international police. Has Fischer talked with any of our Senators?

At this point Louis Fischer wanders into the world of cards, forgetting that dialectics can be used in cards only as alibis for blunders, not as a foundation for a system. He compares my territorial arrangements of the world to my playing solitaire with a deck of cards marked with the names of countries. "When the 'Latvia' card turned up he [Culbertson] placed it on top of 'Russia,' and 'Estonia' on top of that, but 'Lithuania' went into a separate pile." Louis Fischer ends up with brotherly advice: "Culbertson should quit playing solitaire and go back to bridge." I don't want to hurt Fischer's feelings, but he really doesn't know solitaire in any one of its fifty-seven varieties. The bizarre world of cards is inexorably logical. One of the most logical of its games is solitaire, where the cards unravel themselves in just order and symmetry. Louis Fischer has confounded the noble game of solitaire with a card game played by Russian children. The game is called *Durachok* (Silly One,) and there you can do just about as you want; some Americans play this game under a different name.

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After this little excursion into the world of cards, Louis Fischer takes up the Quota Force Principle (International Police Force). Here he misses entirely the structure and tremendous implications of the Mobile Corps.

The Mobile Corps is the collective army of the small nations and the largest division of the World Police. Not only the fascists but many conservatives and liberals believe that the sovereign small nations are a historical anachronism and that they should be eliminated. I, on the contrary, want to preserve the sovereign status of every small nation in the world and even add to their number by providing machinery for the establishment of new sovereign nations from liberated colonial peoples.

My concept of the Mobile Corps is of a permanent collective army composed of regiments of volunteers from the small nations—an army which is psychologically certain to fight under the World Federation against any aggressor, for thereby its units defend their own countries. The small nations seek to survive, not to conquer. The total population of the small nations is more than 300,000,000. These small nations, though individually powerless, can collectively become the most powerful force for peace in the world, provided they are integrated in a perpetual alliance through the machinery of the World Federation. Thus the Mobile Corps will become a natural and permanent ally of any power which is fighting to defend itself against an aggressor. Alone, the United States might be at the mercy of some future powerful combination of great powers; with the Mobile Corps the United States will be invincible against any combination of aggressor nations. This alone should make the World Federation a thousand times worth while. Is this imperialism, Mr. Fischer?

Fischer's reasoning fared as badly with the National Contingents, which also form part of the World Police, as with the Mobile Corps. Fischer starts by chiding Bertrand Russell for approving of the Quota Force mechanism: ". . . mathematics is not the soul of politics." Who ever claimed it was? The soul of politics is *power,* and I have asked Bertrand Russell to help me because I consider him one of the truly great authorities on power.

But power is not the soul of Fischerian politics. Fischer gallops through the Quota Force Principle to arrive at the following startling conclusion: "If Culbertson is so sure that no nation will engage in aggression, and that all nations will cooperate with the World Federation, why does he need the National Contingents? Maybe just a Mobile Corps would suffice. Maybe all you need is general disarmament and a limited police force."

Here again Fischer has hurled a bomb charged with sawdust. Into five short lines he managed to crowd five errors and distortions. I never assumed that "no nation will engage in aggression," or that "all nations will cooperate with the World Federation." The Quota Force mechanism is built on precisely opposite assumptions. Some nations will seek aggression, and many nations will refuse to cooperate. Why do we need the National Contingents and why would the Mobile Corps alone not suffice? Look up the Problem No. 1 of Lasting Peace on pages 28 and 29 of my Summary, Mr. Fischer! If Fischer would read through my Summary even once he would find why all the glib generalities about "general disarmament," "international police force," and "United Nations policing" are just so much meaningless gibberish.

In the World Federation Plan the World Police will have the monopoly of heavy weapons—armored ships of land, sea, and air. The Mobile Corps will have 22 per cent of the total strength, and the National Contingents, made up of the citizens of the eleven largest nations and stationed as reserves in their respective territories, will have 78 per cent. The United States contingent will form 20 per cent of the World Police, the British and Russian 15 per cent each, and those of the other initiating states the remaining 28 per cent. Obviously, the three great victorious powers would not consent to disarm themselves completely and to place their destiny in the hands of the Mobile Corps—under the full control of the government of the World Federation—unless they had some safeguard against possible abuses of the World Federation government and against the possible praetorianism of the Mobile Corps. If Louis Fischer can get the consent of the United States Senate, the British Parliament, and Stalin to an International Police *without* the National Contingents, I will kiss him reverently and make him my own special incarnation of Buddha. It might pay Fischer to bone up on the origin of our National Guards.

Mr. Fischer himself is a conscientious and often brilliant writer. In analyzing a plan that has won the approval of a great number of leading intellectuals, how was it possible for him to write such a distorted and prejudiced critique? The answer is obvious. He had on his special ideological spectacles. The World Federation Plan, with its realistic implications, went against his welfare-politics of the world. Therefore the plan is unrealistic, imperialistic, atavistic, reactionary. Fischer does not want an international organization based on realities; he wants an International Salvation Army, singing hymns to Economic Justice—hymns which, preferably, are composed by him and his friends.

The difference between Louis Fischer's kind of idealism and my own arises from the fundamental difference between his and my diagnosis of the ills that beset the world. He ascribes the profound perturbations of the world today to social injustices, and he valiantly strives to remedy them. I am ready to travel that far with him. But social injustices have always existed, and yet we have not always had the incredible worldwide horrors of today. There is something happening in the world which is more than the economic unrest of peoples, and which is

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so pregnant with danger to democracy that the liberal or socialistic economic formulas do not suffice.

This something that is happening is specifically *the revolution in communications and in the nature of military weapons.* This technical revolution has had three portentous results: (1) the masses in all the states have become disarmed; (2) seventy-odd sovereign states have lost the power to resist aggression, and the monopoly of decisive heavy weapons has passed into the hands of a few mutually antagonistic states; (3) new and vastly populous states, heretofore dormant, are rapidly entering the industrial stage of development, possibly to bid, under future Hitlers, for the domination of the world.

Our modern democracy was born in the smoke of gunpowder when bullets pierced the armor of the knight and cannon balls destroyed his castle. Bullets, not ballots, are the true sentinels of democracy. Today the peoples and their true leaders are virtually disarmed by tanks and planes. The armored knight has returned with bolts of lightning in his hand, traveling in the air at 400 miles an hour. The castle is moving on wheels at 50 miles an hour. Everywhere violent minorities can seize the levers of the state and deprive the people of all hope of redemption. Rifles have become sticks. The day of barricades is over, and so is the day of barricade revolutionists. The only forces still working to preserve our democratic freedom are the psycho-social forces of habit and tradition. *The reality of physical force is leaving the peoples.*

Louis Fischer thinks perhaps that this is a world revolution of the peoples on the march toward their final liberation. I say this is a world counter-revolution against the peoples everywhere, who are more and more disarmed. In the past, democracy flourished where the nature of weapons and military structure favored the defense of freedom by the peoples themselves. Such conditions no longer prevail. The evidence is strong that the neo-feudalists will be the victors in the continuing post-war struggle, even though the democracies and Soviet Russia will have won the war.

If by a miracle some democracies escape tyranny at home, they must inevitably face future dictatorships if they wish to survive in the ever-widening swing of greater wars to come. Another war like this one and democracy will be a hollow word, even in the United States. All freedoms depend upon Freedom from War. And Freedom from War can be secured only by segregating the decisive heavy weapons and making it impossible for any government or clique to use these weapons either for aggressive war or for tyranny at home.

The tragic mistake of most liberals today is to seek to prevent war by removing the causes of wars. The causes of wars are many and deep-seated. It will take generations to remove them, and in the meantime there will be new wars which will destroy our way of life. The only solution is to segregate the means of making war, which are few—the armored ships of air, sea, and land—and to establish an indestructible alliance of the surviving democracies. This can be done only through the Quota Force mechanism integrated in the World Federation.

It cannot be done with childish visions of peoples descending like battalions of angels to throw down Satan and enthrone the god of humanity. Nor can it be done by economic alchemy. Before attempting anything else, and regardless of sacrifice, we must make it impossible for violent minorities to use the terrifying modern weapons for the enslavement of their own peoples or for the conquest of other nations. We must transform these decisive weapons from instruments of oppression into instruments of defense for all peace-loving nations and put war itself into a strait-jacket. Fischer—somehow he could not get playing cards out of his head—says that the deck of cards with which I deal is old. At least it is not a deck of marked cards. Fischer is blissfully unaware that the new deck of his dreams is stacked by history against him and against all of us. Among players it is known as a sucker's deck.

Fischer has written a great deal about Lenin. But the main lesson of Lenin he has never learned: Lenin was a supreme political strategist. He dreamed the liberation of peoples, but he lived and breathed the reality of social forces around him. He did not hesitate to make a deal with the enemies of his country so as to get into his country; he was not ashamed to choose as his headquarters the palace of a ballerina, mistress of the Czar. While the Kerenskys orated, he ceaselessly worked on precise, detailed blueprints for action. After he and his group of idealists seized the Russian state and the going got rough, he did not hesitate to beat a retreat.

American progressives of the Louis Fischer kind must wake up to reality. They must retreat from the clouds. They must stop fiddling their little ideological tunes while the world is ablaze. We want them to help us in the decisive battle for freedom—the battle which is only beginning. There are overwhelming forces for peace which we could organize if we had a practical plan, a bridge into the future. The World Federation Plan is the first blueprint for such a bridge. I cannot begin to say how many things are wrong with it. But it is a blueprint for work, not for dreams. It is anchored in the realities of today and tomorrow. Once over this bridge, the peoples of the world, during two or three generations at least, can achieve Freedom from War; and once the nations are free from this social cancer they can start, each in its own way, and all together, building a new world of economic and political justice. Better planners and builders will come who will improve immeasurably this new bridge into the post-war world. And when they come, as they are already coming, where will Louis Fischer be?

He will be playing solitaire—and cheating himself.

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How Our Enemies Fight

II. JAPANESE BATTLE TECHNIQUE

BY GORDON COOPER

THE geographic position of the Japanese islands off the northeastern littoral of Asia is not unlike that of Britain in relation to the northwestern coast of Europe. Japanese policy too has a resemblance to that of Britain before the latter in 1585 abandoned its attempts to dominate Europe and adopted the theory of Continental balance of power and an overseas empire. Any attempt by Japan, however, to "divide and rule" in Asia has been precluded for most of its history by the sheer mass of the Chinese Empire, and it is only natural, therefore, that Tokyo should have followed the early rather than the later policies of Britain. Thus it has always envisaged the conquest of China and hegemony over eastern Asia as the first step toward the realization of those dreams of world domination which are based on its fundamental religious concept, Shintoism.

The opening of the Sino-Japanese conflict in 1937 marked Japan's first large-scale bid for world power. Far too little attention was paid to the purely military aspects of this campaign; if we had followed it more closely, some of the surprises which Japan had in store for us might not have been so shocking. Professional opinion has never indorsed the idea, often met in popular accounts of this war, that Japan was "bogged down" in China. For instance, Lieutenant Colonel (now General) Charles A. Willoughby of the United States army, in his "Maneuver in War," published in 1939, expressed the greatest respect for Japan's military prowess.

> In the field of strategy, in staff work, in concept and execution of maneuver [he wrote] the Japanese High Command has established a high performance record. From a strictly professional viewpoint, the colossal range of Japanese operations is of Napoleonic proportions. . . . There is an odd similarity between the Sino-Japanese War and the struggle of the Confederacy in the American Civil War; in the respective theaters of war New Orleans and Washington are approximately in the same relative locations as Canton and Shanghai. The "Anaconda" plan, which throttled the Confederacy by blockading its eastern ports while the drive on Vicksburg cut it in half, is duplicated in the seizures of Amoy, Foochow, and Canton, and the drive on Hankow.

During this campaign the Japanese were always outnumbered, sometimes as much as seven to one, yet by 1941 they had not only succeeded in subduing the coastal plains of China—one of the world's four great population centers, with about 200,000,000 people and most of China's industrial wealth—but had tested out Russian defenses in three attacks, seized Indo-China from a beaten France, and for all practical purposes achieved control of Thailand. These southern operations ended the second phase of Japanese expansion and incidentally left only one gateway, the Burma road, open to supplies moving into China. Japan then felt secure enough to contemplate moving on the American-British-Dutch possessions in the Far East. The importance of Japan's occupation of Indo-China cannot be overemphasized, for it placed in Japanese hands the key to southern Asia with just as much certainty as the occupation of Korea had unlocked the door in the north. Here was a central base from which to operate against the Philippines, Borneo, Malaya, Sumatra, Java, and Burma. The Formosa-Canton-Hainan line, backed by Indo-China, became infinitely stronger than the Anglo-American Hongkong-Manila line.

The third phase of Japanese operations, that against the American-British-Dutch possessions, was a masterpiece of campaigning by air, sea, and land. Japan moved an estimated 300,000 combat troops formed into task forces over millions of square miles of land and sea—everywhere with complete success. The strength necessary to achieve specific objectives was always adequate; logistic problems, in spite of the multiplicity of objectives and the varying necessities of terrain, were solved either by prefabrication of special means or adaptation of local facilities. In this phase of its operations Japan remedied what Admiral Hart has called its one serious weakness, lack of "space." In six months it gained an empire second only to that of Britain and cut off its primary enemy, China, almost completely from outside supplies. For the moment Japan itself can be seriously attacked from only two directions—from China and from Siberia. China may be considered little more than a nuisance so long as it lacks essential armaments; Siberia can hardly offer a serious threat so long as the Nazis keep Russia engaged elsewhere. But in any case Japan has taken full precautions against invasion from the north by turning Manchuria into an arsenal and maintaining along the Amur an army, now fully acclimatized after years of occupation, variously estimated at 250,000 to 1,000,000 men.

The point about these operations is that Japan everywhere used power that was adequate to achieve its objectives. It should be remembered also that, unlike Germany, Japan has not only operated a huge army

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and air force but the second-largest fleet in the world. If Germany had been in possession of such a fleet, together with its other forces, it would not have had to pause at Calais and Crete. In Japanese strategy, then, we have seen for the first time air, sea, and land forces used in combination; by means of them every industrial and raw-material center in eastern Asia except Vladivostok and Calcutta has been occupied. There are still weaknesses in Japan's military position, but given time to consolidate its mushroom empire it could make itself impregnable against anything less than a world coalition. Nor need we have any doubt about the extent of Japanese ambitions, which have been succinctly summarized by General Nonaka: "The ultimate conclusion of politics is the conquest of the world by one imperial power. . . . The Japanese nation is bracing herself to fill her destined role."

In its accomplishments so far Japan has adapted its strategy to the peculiarities of its situation. Space was the first need, and the opposition to be overcome in acquiring it was furnished, in every case but one, by only the outlying bases of nations whose power centers lay in distant parts of the globe. The single exception was China, whose armed potential was dependent on a very small industrial area, plus imported supplies. Therefore by the acquisition of space Japan not only provided for its own necessities but accomplished the Far Eastern downfall of its enemies. It was not necessary for Japan to reduce the British Isles to accomplish its purpose in these opening rounds of world conquest. To bring about the collapse of Britain's eastern possessions it was sufficient to reduce Singapore and Hongkong. It was not necessary to occupy Hawaii but merely to knock out Pearl Harbor for a short interval. In China it was necessary only to occupy the small industrial area and to block the entrances for foreign supplies. Everywhere Japanese forces met opponents who were on the defensive. Nowhere did they meet the aggressive counter-offensives which had checked them so successfully in Asiatic Russia. On the banks of the Amur in July, 1937, at Changkufeng in August, 1938, and on the Outer Mongolian border at Nomonhan in May, 1939, Soviet forces counter-attacked with fury and success. In each case the Japanese broke off the engagement and retired.

The characteristic mark, then, of Japanese style is the bold offensive against a key defensive position, an offensive designed to drive back but not necessarily to wipe out the enemy, and always to take advantage of the enemy's weakness in preference to opposing his strength.

The Japanese High Command's thorough grasp of the seven principles of strategy discussed in the first article of this series is clear to all observers.

Economy of Force. This principle has indeed been a law in Japanese campaigns. To students of its operations it has sometimes seemed uncanny that Japan could judge so precisely the forces necessary for attaining certain objectives. The area in the lower Solomons surrounding Tulagi, one of the finest harbors in the Pacific, originally fell to a force of ten Japanese soldiers and one plane. Japan's ability to use just enough strength and no more was one, if not the main, reason that its strength was so underestimated; its forces were always adequate up to the Battle of the Coral Sea.

Mobility. Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear, U. S. A., in the *Infantry Journal* testifies to Japanese soldiers on maneuvers marching 122 miles in 72 hours, with rifle, 150 rounds of ammunition, and a 40-pound pack, and after only four hours of sleep ending up on the double quick. When the history of the Far Eastern campaign is written it will certainly tell of many such feats. Japanese mobility has also been exemplified by skilful amphibious operations at beachheads with no permanent installations. This kind of mobility, coupled with the island hopping of the land-based air forces, has allowed the Japanese everywhere to use the indirect approach. The speedy passage through dangerous waters of the Japanese convoys and naval task forces can be laid to the patient surveys carried out for years by the Japanese "fishing fleet." The ability to supply reinforcements when and where needed in sufficient numbers was a striking feature of last year's December to May campaign.

Surprise. The surprise offensive has always been a favorite stratagem of the Japanese. It was used in 1598 by Hideyoshi, in 1894 against China, and in 1905 against Russia. The Japanese military find the moral indignation it arouses in the West merely amusing, another weakness to be exploited. Some of Japan's greatest successes in the present war have been scored by means of this device, and it is more than possible that there will be further instances of its use.

Offensive Action. Adherence to this principle has always been a cardinal feature of Japanese strategy. In the first months of this war Japan showed the ability to mount an offensive of truly grand proportions, one of the greatest in the history of warfare.

Concentration of Combat Power. Combat power in this campaign was not concentrated against any one objective but was spread over the Far East in pursuit of objectives of opportunity. This was at once the strength and the weakness of Japanese strategy. As it turned out, it was successful. Nevertheless, it was a gamble, and it is possible that against a more alert enemy this dispersal of strength might have cost the Japanese dearly. From the point of view of strategic theory, it must be considered an error, although one dictated, perhaps, by the geography of the region. In the event, it was the besieged colonial powers which suffered: they had so many key points to defend in the island-studded waters of the southern Pacific that they were unable to concentrate

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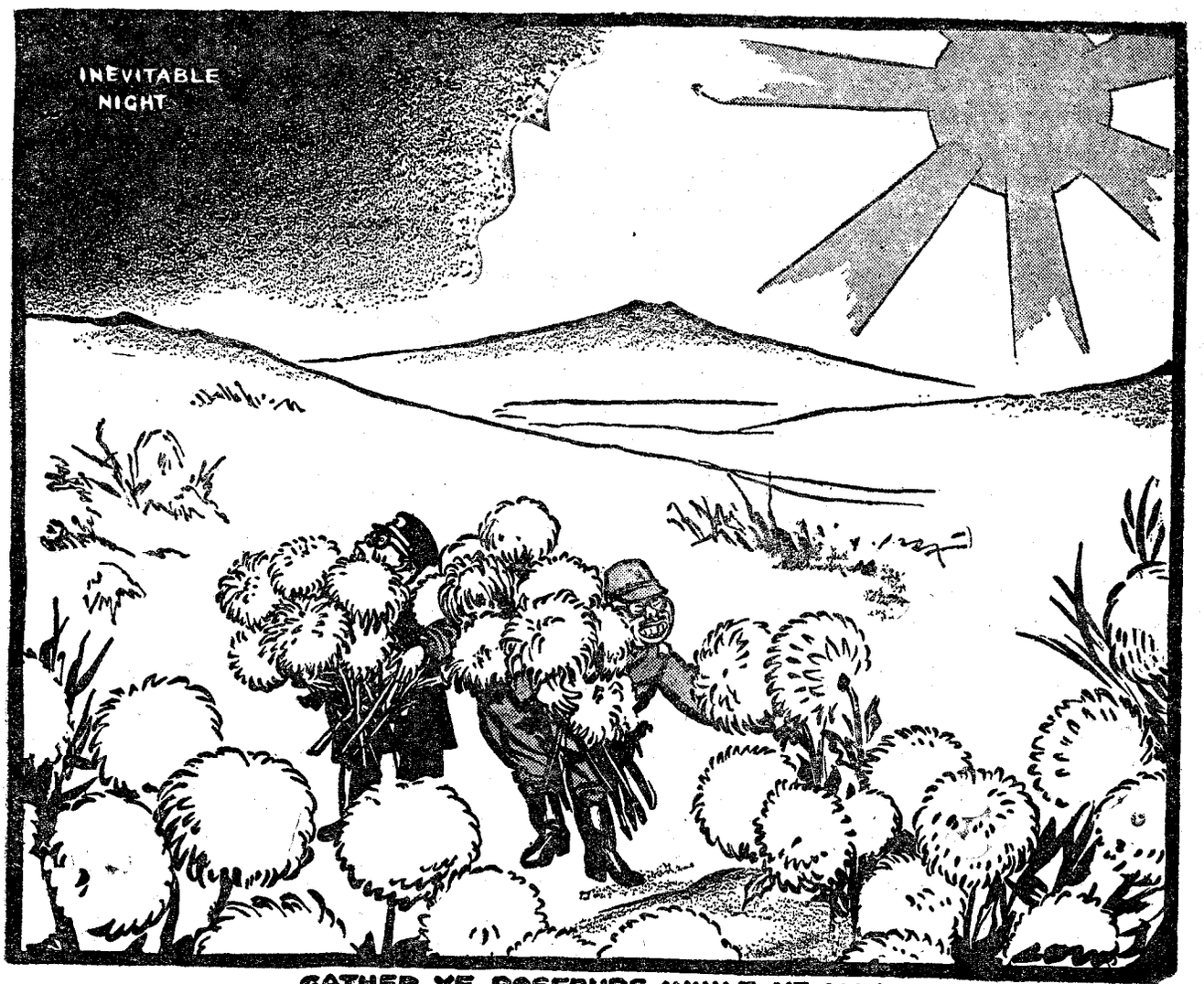
their forces anywhere. The same geographic factors, however, will operate to the disadvantage of Japan when it must hold its conquests against counter-attack.

Security. That after Pearl Harbor Japan relied primarily on the impotence of its opponents to insure its security is shown by the feeble resistance offered to American bombers over Tokyo and the success of the Chinese operations around Changsha. The Aleutian landings, however, indicated that Japan later became alert to the necessity for special measures for additional security.

Cooperation. The cooperation shown by the Japanese services has been altogether admirable, even worthy of imitation. Air, sea, and land forces were welded together to form the offensive machine that accomplished so much.

The first definite checks to Japanese offensive action were in the Coral Sea in May and at Midway in June. With these engagements the third phase of Japanese expansion can be considered to have closed. In assessing Japanese operations during this period there seems to be some danger of overestimating Japanese military capabilities on the basis of results from one campaign, and this a campaign which was opportunistically carried out with the aid of "on-the-spot" air power while the main forces of the opponents were pointed elsewhere.

Since Pearl Harbor, Japanese successes have been achieved against detached forces, against only part of the enemy's strength. These operations are interesting to the non-professional student chiefly because they illustrate the cooperation and mobility necessary in an air-sea-land war and because they may provide some clues to Japan's future course. Japanese ability to combine land, sea, and air tactics has changed many strategic conceptions. In this campaign coastal fortifications were no longer reduced by fleet bombardment and the harbor area cleared and held by marines so that its installations could be used to unload the army's heavy equipment. The construction of special equipment made it possible to land the heaviest material on almost any unprotected beach. Artillery, tanks, and engineering supplies for the immediate construction of airfields were floated ashore in specially designed barges, and the full power of an expeditionary force was brought immediately to bear. Since Japan's amphibious troops could be landed on any unprotected



GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY

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beach, such fortresses as Singapore and Corregidor were taken from the rear; they were never able to fire a shot at the enemy's battle fleet, the purpose for which they had been built. Hongkong, with its fortifications facing the sea, was also attacked from an unexpected quarter and was reduced in a matter of days, not weeks or months.

If such a strategic plan for the reduction of Hongkong, Singapore, and Manila now seems simple and obvious, we need only recall the British–Free French assault on Dakar a few months earlier to understand the revolutionary character of Japanese methods. They open any unprotected coast to successful assault by a force immediately strong enough to exploit and consolidate its opportunity. When it is remembered that, in addition, Japan's use of the torpedo plane made the United States radically overhaul its naval building program, formulated only a little over a year before, the gigantic proportions of the revolution in warfare wrought by this campaign begin to appear. One may say that the Japanese did for amphibious operations what the Germans did for land warfare with their mechanized technique.

What clues to the future can the study of these operations give us? During the ten months since the close of the Japanese offensive the United Nations have been busy primarily in building up forces and establishing bases in the operating theater. In order to do this undisturbed a tactical offensive has been undertaken in a number of places around the periphery of Japanese power. These measures have all been good defensive strategy, but they have engaged only a minor portion of the total Japanese strength—a minor portion of the ground forces, of the air force, and of the fleet. The major part of this great war machine that has been years in building has been disengaged although available.

The only summary that seems applicable therefore is to say that the Japanese have achieved a brilliant "fact of arms." Their defeat without Soviet assistance will be extremely difficult, for geographically they are most vulnerable on the Siberian front. To open the supply route to China through Burma, the only other way to obtain a continental base of operations, would require a full-dress campaign and draw heavily on forces that at present might be used to better advantage elsewhere. From the standpoint of strategic theory, opportunities for maneuver are offered by Japan's dispersal of its forces and possibly by its neglect of security measures.

If analysis of Japan's past strategic practices shows us anything, it shows that we may expect it to launch a bold, well-planned, and well-timed offensive stroke, using a good part of its idle forces. It may even be that the Japanese, who have shown themselves to be astute strategists, will wait until the United Nations have irrevocably committed themselves in some quarter. Then, while endeavoring to contain this United Nations effort and draw its sting by the use of their new-won space, they will strike at some other vital point in the Allied position.

As Ambassador Grew has said, "Japan is today *potentially* the strongest power in the world. . . . Man for man, nation for nation [it] measures up to the highest standards of organized power in the world." To underestimate Japanese power again on the basis of the start, good as it may be, that we have made toward victory, would be the worst kind of folly.

[*The third article of this series, on Germany's Fighting Strategy, will appear next week.*]

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE COLLEGES throughout the country are giving special courses to meet war needs. . . . In carrying out this or any other related plan, the colleges must not allow themselves to be swept off their feet by the present exigency. . . . The supreme duty of the college remains what it has always been—to teach students to think. . . . In war as in peace, the college must never forget its chief task.—*May 4, 1918.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: Berle, A. A., "The World Significance of a Jewish State." . . . Broun, H., "The A. E. F." . . . Anderson, S., "Mid-American Chants."—*May 4, 1918.*

THE UNITED STATES this week has seen the culmination of several trials and indictments under the Espionage Act. . . . In New York the trial of four members of the staff of the *Masses,* a radical monthly that has gone out of existence, . . . ended in a disagreement and discharge of the jury after forty-two hours' deliberation. Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, a well-known Socialist, was indicted by the federal grand jury at Kansas City for violating the Espionage Act on three counts.—*May 4, 1918.*

WHAT ZIONISTS consider the first Jewish government in Palestine for over two hundred years, the Jewish Administrative Commission, arrived at Jerusalem on April 10. It is headed by Dr. Chaim Weizmann.—*May 11, 1918.*

INAUGURATION of aeroplane service between New York and Washington certainly marks the beginning of a new epoch. For the first time in this country the aeroplane is being put to regular, practical use not of a military nature.—*May 25, 1918.*

THE ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS of New York . . . have decided to exercise the privilege rudely thrust upon them. . . . To combat socialism they have forsworn their vows not to demean themselves by casting a ballot. . . . For a careful definition of the socialism they are to oppose we must doubtless wait until they have emerged more completely from the political incompetence they have heretofore professed.—*May 25, 1918.*

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Mr. Biddle Is Afraid

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 16

THE ugliest forces in American life are on display again in Congress, and the spectacle may make one wonder whether we are indeed divinely ordained to bring sweetness and light to the rest of the world, banishing its despots and reeducating its children. Although we like to think of ourselves as somehow better than other nations, more high-minded, more disinterested, more humane, I know of no other country—unless it be the fascist states—in whose parliament one could have heard more drivel and seen more hypocrisy than in the House of Representatives last week. The House has many hard-working, able, and devoted men, but it also has a large and noisy contingent of ignoramuses, proto-fascists, pompous asses, and (a few) devious crooks. This group has the capital by the ears; decent administrators shake in their swivel chairs at its approach; and the Attorney General looks the other way and writes books on Justice Holmes.

Eugene E. Cox

One of the most dubious characters in this gang is Representative Eugene E. ("Goober") Cox of Georgia, a friend of the peanut. Since March, 1942, the Attorney General, Francis Biddle, has been sitting uneasily on documents involving Cox and Section 113 of the United States Criminal Code. Section 113 makes it a felony punishable by a $10,000 fine and two years in jail for a Congressman who "shall . . . directly or indirectly receive . . . any compensation whatever for any services rendered . . . in relation to any proceeding" before a federal agency. The Attorney General has evidence which shows that Congressman Cox communicated at least twenty-five times with the FCC to obtain a license for Station WALB in his district, that he received a check for $2,500 from the owners of the station a month after the license was granted, and that with the check was a voucher marked "legal expense." The evidence consists of FCC records and the originals of the check and the voucher.

Where were the services rendered for which Cox was paid $2,500? The FCC sent the Attorney General a copy of a sworn statement by C. D. Tounsley, secretary-treasurer of the broadcasting company. This statement says that Cox performed no services for the company in his home town—Albany, Georgia. It also says, "Radio Station WALB has never at any time and does not now have any Washington representation other than that provided by E. E. Cox." It may be that Representative Cox is the victim of coincidence, that the $2,500 fee was for legal services other than his lobbying of the FCC in behalf of this radio station. One would expect him to insist on the legal proceedings which could alone clear him of suspicion.

But whether Cox insists upon it or not, the submission of this evidence to the federal grand jury is many months overdue. The duty of submitting it rests upon the Attorney General, and the Washington *Post* was right when it suggested in a courageous editorial that Biddle will himself "be guilty of gross misconduct in office" if he does not do so. Since fourteen months have passed since the FCC referred the evidence to the Attorney General for action, it is clear that he is afraid to enforce the law.

The honor of Congress and the political future of the New Deal are both involved in this scabrous affair. For instead of the FCC prosecuting Cox, Cox is prosecuting the FCC and through it, he hopes, the New Deal. He and his friends from Wall Street and the poll-tax belt have focused their fire on the FCC, and think a hearty smearing of that agency will help block the reelection of Roosevelt in 1944; Cox himself, though Roosevelt's Attorney General has been shielding him from a grand jury, is on record for Farley. In recent weeks the Costello committee on draft deferments (with its Coughlinite counsel), the Kerr committee on so-called "subversives" (a synonym, in the Congressional lexicon, for anti-fascists), and the Dies committee have all been doing their best to make the FCC's life miserable. The main job, of course, has been in the hands of the Cox committee. And it is this committee which represents the real test of Congressional integrity.

Though some of the facts in the Cox case have long been Washington gossip and have several times leaked into the press—this correspondent published the first story on them a year ago—full disclosure has until now been prevented by the inaction of the Attorney General and the timidity of the FCC, both stemming, I suspect, from the continued efforts of the White House to appease the inappeasable Cox and his clique. The complete

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story was not known or its import understood until Clifford J. Durr, a member of the FCC, courageously appealed to the House last week over the heads of the Cox committee and made the suppressed documents available in photostatic form to Congress and the press. Durr formally petitioned the House to disqualify Cox as chairman and member of the Cox committee to investigate the Federal Communications Commission. He buttressed that petition and its accompanying exhibits with a formidable array of parliamentary precedent. But it should take no learned disquisition to make decent members of the House realize the impropriety of permitting what must be a "spite" investigation so long as Cox is in charge of it.

The House now knows that the member who suggested, and is in charge of, the investigation of the FCC has a deep personal interest in discrediting that agency. The House now has before it photostats of the documents sent to Biddle and knows that Cox's eagerness to investigate the FCC followed its discovery of his personal interest in the WALB Radio Station case. The House now knows that Cox owns stock in that radio station and that the station even now has a petition for renewal of license before the FCC. The House now knows that Cox has been taking advantage of his position to cart away FCC records by the truckload, often without allowing time to list what was taken or to see to it that proper receipts were given for irreplaceable government records. The House now knows that Cox has been forcing FCC employees to testify under oath in closed session before him alone, with no counsel or observer for the commission present and without granting these employees even the right to a transcript of the testimony. These facts and their bearing on the petition to disqualify Cox are before the Judiciary Committee. If that committee and the House itself nevertheless permit Cox to continue in charge of this investigation, they will be displaying either a cowardly unwillingness to enforce the basic principles of fair procedure and the decent conduct of legislative affairs or a brazen readiness to trample on them.

For the New Deal and for the country this case is a crucial one. Cox's career may be at stake, and unlike the New Dealers he is not being pusillanimous in defending himself. He has surrounded himself on his committee with people who hate the New Deal as much as he does. He appointed as counsel a Wall Street lawyer who is a partner of Raoul B. Desvernine, one of the famous fifty-nine who made up the American Liberty League's own private Sanhedrin for the invalidation of New Deal legislation. As chief investigator Cox picked a man named Larson who left the FBI some years back to do "plant protection" for General Motors and later opened a detective agency in Detroit. The counsel, Eugene L. Garey, has a clientèle which includes a number of Wall Street brokerage houses suspended by the SEC, and he shares Cox's hatred for "bureaucracy." If they succeed in defeating and punishing Durr for his courage, there will be few men left bold enough to raise their voices here. The worst elements of Southern Democracy and Northern big business will have won a resounding victory that will have its effect on every administrative agency in the capital and will not go unnoticed by our allies abroad.

Underground Humor

COMPILED BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

NO OTHER occupied country quite matches the skill of France in heaping deadly ridicule on the invader and his puppets. To all those who cherish France as their second country this fact is a great source of comfort. For a nation which still fights back with its wits cannot be as dead as some would have us believe. The following anecdotes are offered as typical examples of the humor that the people are using as a weapon in oppressed France:

In Lille an audacious little street arab stopped a German officer to ask him the time.

"Twenty minutes to twelve," the German answered politely.

"Okay," said the boy, "if it's twenty minutes to twelve, then at twelve sharp you can go jump in the lake." After which the lad tore down the street with the Nazi at his heels. Rounding a corner too sharply, the German ran into a gendarme.

"That ragamuffin told me that at twelve sharp I could go jump in the lake," he panted. The gendarme calmly studied his watch.

"Well, what's your rush?" he said. "You still have twenty minutes."

That stout-hearted policeman may now be in the same concentration camp as the farmer who gave just the right answer to a couple of Nazis swaggering by his field.

"Go ahead and sow," scoffed the Germans, "we'll do the reaping."

"I hope so," replied the farmer, "I'm sowing hemp."

A Frenchman went to the *Kommandantur* to inquire how he could become a naturalized German. The officer in charge warned him patronizingly. "Do you realize, my friend, that as a German citizen you will be liable to the draft? You might even be sent to the Russian front and get killed."

"So what?" came the reply. "Then there'll be one damn Boche less."

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General von Stülpnagel, in charge of the occupying forces in Paris, arrived late for dinner at the house of a sham collaborationist. Apologizing for the delay, he said, "These acts of discipline keep me very busy. I have just ordered the execution of another hundred hostages."

Silence. Then the mistress of the house asked suavely, "Wouldn't you like to wash your hands, General?"

At a Cabinet meeting in Vichy Pierre Laval observed that one of his councilors, a professor of the University of Paris, nonchalantly drew forth first his handkerchief, then an offensive-looking pipe, and then an even shabbier tobacco pouch, ranging these objects on the table before him.

Laval, aghast at this lack of etiquette, exclaimed, "But, Monsieur, you empty your pockets!"

Whereupon the savant retorted, "Isn't that better than if I filled them?"

One day the great Spanish painter Picasso, who was trapped in Paris by the swift German advance, was called to the *Kommandantur*.

A petulant Nazi officer snapped at him, "You are the anti-fascist painter?"

"I am a painter, indeed," Picasso calmly replied.

The Nazi thrust a photograph under his nose. It was of Picasso's famous painting "Guernica," showing the havoc wrought by Nazi dive bombers in that unhappy Spanish town during the civil war.

"Did you do this?" the Nazi shouted.

"No, sir," was the reply, "you did."

Going back to Laval, the story is told that he decided one night to find out for himself just what the French people thought of him. Heavily disguised, he entered a tavern and sat down at the bar.

"How is everything?" he asked the bartender.

"Bad," was the frank answer.

"By the way, what do you think of Laval?"

The bartender looked around cautiously. "I don't like such questions. You know, with the Gestapo everywhere."

"I won't tell anyone," the other insisted.

"Yes, but if any of my customers overheard us I would be ruined."

"You can trust me. I swear I won't say a word."

The bartender hesitated, then leaned forward and whispered, "To tell the truth, I rather like him."

A Paris bookseller filled his shop window with three portraits of Pétain, Darlan, and Laval. Beneath he placed a harmless French classic, Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Another displayed a picture of Hitler and spread out before it a map of France. Between the two he laid a copy of Claude Farrère's "L'Homme qui assassina." A third put pictures of Pétain and Laval in his window and placed beneath them small notices which read, *Epuisé* (Exhausted) and *Vendu* (Sold Out).

In the Wind

INVESTORS in war industries need not fear the economic consequences of the peace. Standard and Poore's *Industrial Reports* offer these words of cheer in a special supplement on General Motors: "Business concerns which have been at all careful in framing their war-production contracts will not be heavily embarrassed by cancelations. The government will be embarrassed. The taxpayers will be embarrassed. But not necessarily stockowners. Contracts have been drawn that way, as they should have been."

ELIMINATION of Dr. Harold Rugg's textbooks from the public schools of San Francisco, boasts *Advertising Age*, was "a direct result of the efforts of the Pacific Advertising Association's school committee."

GERALD L. K. SMITH, in *The Cross and the Flag*, makes the most cogent argument against Ely Culbertson's World Federation Plan: "As might be expected, he speaks with a Russian accent, was born in Rumania, and is a great admirer of the philosophy of Karl Marx." The first two counts of the indictment are true. As for the third, in 1932 Culbertson published a book entitled "Red Russia Against the World." The 1940-41 edition of "Who's Who in America" lists it in Culbertson's biography; the 1942-43 edition does not.

THE INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER of a New York newspaper recently asked an ensign in the Waves how she felt about having dates with service men who are not officers. "I don't mind," she said. "I believe in democracy—but don't you print that! I might get into trouble." It was not printed.

THERE WAS a little flurry behind the scenes of the recent "Town Meeting of the Air" broadcast from Pittsburgh when its local sponsors learned that the topic would be, "Should the President of the United States have a fourth term?" George A. Blackmore, chairman of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, resigned as chairman of the sponsoring committee, and Dr. James H. Greene, executive vice-president of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, resigned as a committee member. They said the program was a Democratic trial balloon. Both withdrew the money they had collected for the meeting, some $1,600, and turned it over to the USO. The rest of the committee carried on and raised enough to cover expenses, which were less than $800.

FESTUNG EUROPA: The official organ of the Dutch Nazi Elite Guard tells of the trouble the Guard had at one of its recent parades: "The marchers repeatedly had to break ranks to turn the heads of the citizens the right way."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

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POLITICAL WAR EDITED BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

The Peacemaker of Almeria

FACTS continue to be unkind to the partisans of expediency. Speaking of the underground in the last issue of *The Nation* I suggested, first, that the French underground supported De Gaulle; second, that the underground in general has not received due attention from the governments of the United Nations and has often been sabotaged through indifference or animosity.

A few days after the publication of the editorial, a dispatch from Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., in the New York *Herald Tribune* described the creation of a "Council of French Resistance" in France on which every section of the underground was represented. Included were the "groups of resistance," the political parties, and the labor unions—all backing De Gaulle and working in perfect accord with the National Committee of the Fighting French in London. "The formation of the council," Mr. Parsons wrote, "was brought about by followers of De Gaulle with the active encouragement of the British government. The American government had an opportunity to help but declined, this correspondent learned today from one of the Frenchmen who were in Paris recently, assisting in the organization of the council." And yet the unification and strengthening of the forces of resistance is of the greatest importance at this time.

Nothing is more illusory than the hope of rallying against the Axis those people whose fate would be sealed by an Axis defeat. Every comment on the development of the Spanish situation printed in these columns has underlined the interdependence of the Franco regime and the Axis. The form which that interdependence would take before the war ended nobody could anticipate, not even Franco himself. Whether Hitler would finally march into Spain, whether he preferred to keep Franco "neutral" for purely military reasons or because he feared internal revolt in Spain—these questions did not affect the main issue. The main issue was whether or not Franco's servitude to Hitler could be broken. If it could not be broken by the efforts of the United Nations, then the policy they have pursued until now was utterly wrong. Franco's recent speech at Almeria offered definitive proof that the United Nations have been wrong.

A week richer in happy events than any we have had in years made it easy to forget the Almeria speech. But Axis propaganda put it to good use. All the pro-Axis papers of Latin America honored it with front-page coverage. Radio Berlin, Radio Rome, Radio Vichy referred to it again and again. The speech was really a superb piece of work, in the best Goebbels style. The African campaign had ended in disaster for the Axis, and on the eve of the great Allied offensive in Europe Franco came forth with his theory of stalemate. He bluntly proclaimed that the warring nations had "reached what may be called the dead point in the struggle. None of the belligerents has the power to destroy its opponent." He conveniently ignored the fact that under present circumstances anything less than complete victory for the United Nations would be a major victory for Hitler. And for Franco, too. A stalemate which would leave the road open to all kinds of diplomatic maneuvering—what rosier outlook could be offered the Axis?

The prestige of the general who "won" the Spanish War was put at the service of the Axis. But Franco is more than a general. He is "the Christian general." Nobody is better fitted than he to address the Catholic world, especially the Hispanic Americans. In this role the defender of civilization warns the Allies: Not only will you British and Americans not succeed in breaking the stalemate, but while your armies bleed in a senseless fight, the only winner, communism, will conquer the world. What more could Berlin expect from Franco?

Almeria came after Barcelona. During the time between the Jordana and the Franco speeches something had happened which made any misunderstanding in regard to the attitude of the Allies impossible. In Monterrey, raising his voice, and in a mood distinct from that of the rest of his address, President Roosevelt called for "unconditional surrender!" Jordana's Barcelona appeal had been abruptly rejected. No real neutral would have insisted a second time. But less than three weeks after the Barcelona broadcast the Spanish-German propaganda machine renewed its campaign for a negotiated peace to head off the Bolshevist danger. Since, in the meantime, the military situation had become more serious, a mere Foreign Minister was considered inadequate. The Spanish Chief of State, in person, was ordered to the microphone.

Franco pretended that in appealing to both sides to end the war he was acting in agreement with the Vatican. Since then we have heard—in a broadcast from Rome—that Pope Pius is opposed to "peace at any price." Diplomacy declared his words a rebuff to Franco and, as such, satisfactory enough. We believe that if the Vatican disapproved of the Almeria speech it could have been more prompt and more explicit in its repudiation. Though it apparently rejected a too blatant Axis move, it was careful to avoid any open rebuff to the ruler of "our preferred daughter in Christ," as Pius XII recently described Phalangist Spain.

A. DEL V.

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Charles Maurras

BY EMILE BURE

AMONG the newspapermen—and they are many—who contributed to the victory of Hitler and Mussolini in France, Charles Maurras, the publisher of *l'Action Française,* is perhaps the best known. His paper is the organ of "integral nationalism," and its masthead carries the slogan, "We stand for everything that is national."

Unchallenged by the French Republic, Maurras committed treason with such boldness that his example lent courage to other journalists who took their orders—and their pay—from Berlin, Rome, and later Madrid. Could not the Radical and Socialist governments of France have gagged him? Why was he imprisoned only once, and then for an act in which he was not directly involved? Because the government's hands were tied by a press law which granted full license to libel and slander and permitted blackmail in the name of liberalism.

Obviously of Saracen origin, Charles Maurras, with his sallow brown complexion, his sparse hair, and his steely eyes, is so ugly that on first meeting him one is reminded of the gargoyles of a Gothic cathedral. He is very deaf, and he speaks in a harsh bark. But his influence on the youth of France and on other Europeans of French education in the period between the two world wars was extraordinary.

His power is partly to be explained by the richness of his vocabulary, which dazzles the illiterate and, even more, the semi-literate. Only educated men who are not blinded by political fanaticism see how shoddy is the intellectual merchandise his vocabulary sells. No demagogue of the right or left was ever more adept than Maurras at driving home his points. Indefatigably, with an ardor that is peculiarly meridional, he repeats a lie that serves his cause, until the reader, drugged by his impudent sophistry, is finally overcome. Edouard Berth, a disciple of Georges Sorel, wrote me in 1936: "The Greeks condemned Socrates to drink the hemlock because he was a sophist and a corruptor of youth. But Socrates was a child compared to our 'old Charles,' who was once described . . . as 'the most intelligent scoundrel and the most scoundrelly intelligence in France and Navarre.'"

Maurras has borrowed all his learning from the prophets of the past, from Bonald and Joseph de Maistre, philosophers of the divine right of kings, from La Tour du Pin, advocate of a social paternalism which is obnoxious to all free men. And if on occasion he invokes the Renan of "Réforme intellectuelle et morale," or the Fustel de Coulanges of "La Cité antique," he offers but a crude travesty of their thinking. Once while I was still on good terms with Maurras I enchanted him with a phrase from Karl Marx, whom he abused daily in his newspaper without ever having read a line of his writings. The touch of a feather would have transformed Maurras into a Marxist when he learned that the author of "Das Kapital" taught that "force is the great midwife of societies in labor."

The publisher of *l'Action Française* boasted of having brought royalty up to date, and his methods attracted many French youths and even some older men. Actually all he did was to set up the image of a king wearing a helmet and carrying a sword and surrounded with an aura of Christianity. His Camelots du Roy, who toppled statues, slapped ministers, and beat up professors, were in the best Bonapartist tradition. They were prepared to observe the ceremonies of the church if it would sprinkle holy water on the sword of counter-revolution. They were willing to genuflect before the altar if the altar blessed the throne. In short, they were clerical but not Catholic, and certainly not Christian. Maurras's first book, "Le Chemin de Paradis," vilified Christ as an emasculator of civic energies and lashed out at the "twelve wretched Apostles."

"La seule France, chronique des jours d'épreuve," which Maurras published in Paris in 1940, is eloquent testimony to his moral and intellectual vacuity. The history of France, according to him, is quite simple: England backed the French Revolution to break the power of a France grown strong under the wise and benevolent rule of Louis XV and Louis XVI and their ministers, Choiseul and Vergennes. Then came the restoration. Again France prospered, and the British government spent its guineas to launch the revolution of 1830. When Louis Philippe came to the throne, London was reassured by his seeming pacifism, but realizing finally that the new king was not to be controlled, perfidious Albion gave the signal for another uprising—the revolution of 1848. By this stroke England rid itself of the political threat of the Bourbon-Orleans dynasty and had to face only the timid adventures of the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and the Third Republic. Thus it was in a position to make France a country of hired Continental soldiers and a frightened partner in its oceanic enterprises. The fourth revolution, from which, Maurras assures us, Germany reaped the profit, was the Dreyfus revolution. The fifth began in June, 1940, with the rebellion of De Gaulle.

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Should an innocent or facetious reader of Maurras ask him, "What becomes of your monarchist conclusions in the light of your admission that neither Louis XV nor Charles X nor Louis Philippe was able to outwit the British?" he would reply, "As long as the monarchy lasted it could not be outmaneuvered, but it made the mistake of allowing itself to be overthrown by liberal and democratic rioters in the pay of London."

Before the outbreak of the present war Maurras was campaigning for a "King of the French Republic." A pat slogan, but what political system did it envisage? Maurras had visions of a king who would preside in state over pastoral fêtes where every Sunday the peasants and artisans would dance and sing in their local costumes to the music of the tambourin and the flageolet. During the rest of the week—now dressed in work clothes—they would accept without question the orders of their sovereign.

Charles Maurras made his début into public life as the secretary of Anatole France. Like many young writers of his generation he flirted for a time with the anarchist movement, though it is plain that he had not the slightest feeling for humanity; he once amazed a friend by reproaching him for having given alms to some miserable beggars. Presently he joined the staff of the *Soleil,* but failing to convert the *Soleil* into an organ of "integral nationalism," he moved to Veuillot's *Gazette de France,* where he made no great impression until June, 1898. In that year France was finally preparing to recognize the innocence of Captain Dreyfus. Then came the news that Colonel Henry, head of the bureau of military information, who had first formulated the charge against Dreyfus, had cut his throat in the military prison of Cherche-Midi. The anti-Dreyfusard clique was thrown into confusion. Charles Maurras appeared on the scene to allay their fears. He declared that Colonel Henry had committed suicide in order to prevent the publication of certain documents which clearly revealed the guilt of the prisoner on Devil's Island, but whose publication would have certainly brought war. He wrote cynically: "Our inadequate semi-Protestant education prevents us from evaluating at its full worth such intellectual and moral nobility. But your mistake, Colonel, will one day be recognized as one of the most magnificent exploits of your record."

These words would have sufficed to dishonor Maurras if at the time he had enjoyed any honor. But he was to remain unknown until the publication in *Figaro* of his study of the monarchy, and the appearance in 1899 of the first issue of *l'Action Française,* in which he rabidly attacked Jews, Protestants, Free Masons, and foreigners as conspirators who were plotting the ruin of the French state. At the same time he launched a vigorous campaign against Germanophile pacifism. This brought down on him the anathema of the Pope, and Maurras was not pardoned until 1938 when he recanted and began wildly to praise Mussolini. I defended him at the time of the anathema, and this action cost me my job on the paper where I was then working. I admit now that I was mistaken in believing that Maurras was sincere in advocating his integral nationalism. If, at the time, I had read "Kiel et Tanger," the book in which our excommunicate expressed the belief that it was possible to defeat Germany without the aid of the English, Russians, or even the Italians, I would no doubt have been enlightened. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador to Rome, described the book to Pertinax as "an utter idiocy." An idiocy, to be sure, but today we know that it was also a perfidy.

When Maurras began to sing the praises of Mussolini, it became clear that his new attitude was dictated by extra-political considerations. In Clemenceau's words, "It is the men who have sold out who are most ready to accuse their adversaries of venality." Maurras accused those who backed the Franco-Soviet alliance of being in the pay of Moscow, while he himself was actually in the pay of the Italian and Spanish ambassadors. In 1938 he threatened to use a kitchen knife on the men who supported Herriot's demand for sanctions against Mussolini in the Ethiopian affair. Maurras denounced the subservience of mind to money in his writings; yet he shamelessly accepted money wherever it was to be obtained. His paper, for instance, launched a shrewd and brutal campaign of ridicule against Coty, the perfume manufacturer. Finally Coty decided to buy him off. As they left the manufacturer's office, Maurras turned to his collaborator, George Valois, and said, "He forked over 300,000 francs so easily I'm sorry I didn't ask for more."

Maurras managed finally to quarrel even with the pretender to the throne, the Count of Paris, whose loyal servitor he proclaimed himself. When I dined with the Count in his manor near Brussels, he told me that "some *Action Française* rascals" were forever badgering him. "They have even tried," he said, "to have me expelled from Belgium because I refuse to yield to their constant threats." "May I quote you, Monsieur?" I asked smilingly. "Are you so anxious to see me dead?" cried my unhappy host.

The French Academy, insulted and ridiculed daily in *l'Action Française* by Léon Daudet, took its revenge in 1922 when Maurras stood as a candidate. The Forty Immortals rejected him for Jonnart, ex-governor of Algeria and future ambassador to the Vatican. In 1938, however, they were ready to eat humble pie. Cardinal Baudrillard, who was soon to become a collaborationist, campaigned vigorously to assure Maurras a large majority even though the Pope had not yet made his peace with him. With his election high treason insolently took its seat in the Academy.

Recently the newspapers reported that Charles Maurras was gravely ill. Morally he has long been dead. Read

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what he said to an interviewer the day after the meeting between Hitler and Pétain at which collaboration was initiated.

> Are you a supporter of what the Marshal calls collaboration?
>
> I have never been a supporter of it.
>
> Are you an opponent of it?
>
> Not that either.
>
> Neutral?
>
> Not at all.
>
> You accept it then?
>
> There is no need either to accept it or discuss it. Thank heaven, we have left the era of discussion behind us.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

A RECENT happening which merited pages of comment received not a single line's notice in any American newspaper. At the end of April the *Deutsche Militärwochenblatt* ceased publication. Nowhere in Germany, so far as I can learn, was there any commemorative mention of its passing. Without any fanfare its existence quietly came to an end.

For generations the *Militärwochenblatt* has been an institution among what may be called the highest German caste, the officer caste. No one could imagine an officer, from a lieutenant to a field marshal, who did not read the *Militärwochenblatt*. It kept him up to date about the latest developments in doctrine and practice in the military sciences, about military literature at home and abroad, about innovations in foreign armies. It discussed questions of rank and nurtured caste concepts, caste honor, and caste homogeneity. The paper was thus an essential source of officers' *esprit de corps*. It was a cement, a powerful element in the spiritual and social cohesion of this singularly cohesive caste.

As early as the second year of the Hitler era the *Militärwochenblatt* began to betray some uneasiness. The Nazis had come to power as the result of an alliance they had formed with a few leading generals. The editors of the *Militärwochenblatt* saw that the Nazis were gaining more and more the upper hand in this alliance. The Nazis even began to interfere with the officer corps itself. They undertook to control its recruiting, to break up its *esprit de corps*, to loosen its homogeneity, to transform its character. The publisher of the *Militärwochenblatt*, a retired General von Wetzell, and especially his chief assistant, a Generalleutnant Marx, became alarmed. They launched in their paper—with all the necessary circumlocutions and verbal concealments—a guerrilla war against the Nazification of the officer corps and the growing influence of the Nazis in military affairs.

They raised the alarm about the deteriorating intellectual quality of the youths who took up an officer's career after leaving school. The education of these young men, they said, was becoming more and more defective. They were not trained in logic or in drawing exact conclusions but in vague approximations and phrase-making. As the year of decision drew near, the paper's editors became more violent against the "loud mouths" who talked of war as if it would be a "triumphant promenade." In the last months of peace Generalleutnant Marx astounded the military profession throughout Europe by a series of sensational articles against certain unnamed gentlemen whom he called the "Panzer fools"—gentlemen who imagined one could win a war against a strong coalition through a temporary superiority in one or two weapons like the tank or the airplane. It is beside the point that the paper's opinion has finally been proved correct after having for a time, in 1941, seemed completely mistaken. What is important is that it presented its views with challenging insistence and supplemented them with scornful jibes at certain, again unnamed, "ignorant amateur strategists," among whom Hitler was plainly meant.

At that time, in 1939, the Nazis met this undeniable opposition in silence. Of course they did not have to put up with it. But the *Militärwochenblatt* was so closely intertwined with the officer corps that an attack on it was inadvisable. It would have made too much bad blood in a caste that at that precise moment should certainly not be provoked.

The immediate cause of the paper's suppression at the present time is unknown to me. Since the outbreak of war no copy has arrived in America. I do not know what it has said or printed. But certainly it was not defeatist or palpably subversive. The old generals who conducted the paper would not have sinned against patriotism. Besides, if the attitude of the editors had been objectionable in any specific way, it could have been changed without discontinuing the paper. A new board of editors, for example, could have been installed.

One can be fairly certain, therefore, that the Nazis cracked down on the *Militärwochenblatt* not for retail but for wholesale reasons. And in all probability they destroyed it because it contributed to the cohesion of the officer corps. A body of such homogeneity is a nucleus out of which God knows what can develop. That would be disquieting to a dictatorship. A dictatorship, out of principle, destroys every such nucleus as a preventive measure. This nucleus was particularly disquieting, for it is clear that when the Hitler gang grows weaker nobody will be able to stick a knife in its back with greater ease than a junta of high officers, who have the corps spirit behind them as a reserve. And whether we like it or not, it is as good as certain that such an officers' junta will be formed at the critical moment or perhaps already is in process of formation. The officers will not

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be checked by any sentimental considerations if they can see a way to get their own caste off unpunished.

Without any doubt the leading Nazis are constantly aware of this threatening possibility. Without doubt they are constantly thinking how they can best protect themselves from it. The task is a difficult one because the corps that later can be so dangerous is at present indispensable. But perhaps progress can be made in disintegrating the caste's instinctive and intellectual cohesion. For years the Nazis have worked to accomplish this in a furious underground war while high officers of the old school have countered and sabotaged their efforts. The Nazis' decision to put through now such a sacrilegious measure as the destruction of the officers' traditional organ is a sign that their nervousness over the potential political threat represented by the corps has increased. They have looked into the faces of generals and colonels and heard some of their talk.

File and Remember

An Eastern Bloc

REACTIONARY Catholic circles are behind a plan to create an Eastern European Federation, supplementing the proposed Catholic Latin bloc in the west of Europe. The eastern bloc, which would include Poles, Greeks, Croats, and Slovenes, apparently bases itself on a mixture of Slavs and Catholics. It would, of course, be anti-Soviet.

Simultaneously with this move, attempts are being made to fade out Dr. Benes and the other Czech leaders. The Czech government, which is proud to have an army fighting in the Soviet Union, has always been firm in its determination to insure full collaboration with Russia. It is therefore the biggest obstacle in the way of the reactionaries who still dream of building a new *cordon sanitaire* in Eastern Europe.—*Reynolds' News* (London).

Poland and Russia

It is important to be honest with the Poles. They deserve our honesty. The unthinking courage and the appalling suffering of their common people, their unhappy history, their romantic temperament, and their total lack of political realism —these are factors which command sympathy and which compel all who have to do with them to utter such exasperated remarks as that they are the "Ireland of the Continent." Persecuted nationalism has the same political effects at both ends of the Continent. . . .

Honesty with the Poles should go farther than this. If the United Nations lose this war, Poland will cease to exist; the Nazis have made it clear that they intend in the most literal sense the extermination of the Polish people. Those who are permitted to live will do so as slaves. On the other hand, if the United Nations win the war, Poland can live—and live far better than before—on one condition and on one condition only. That condition is that Poland is on terms of friendship with the Soviet Union. No greater wrong can be done to Poles in Britain or the United States than to pretend that they can have in the future any other security. After the last war the most fantastic claims were put forward by the Poles, and because of their influence in the United States and, in particular, with President Wilson, a settlement that could not be stable and that was ultimately fatal to Poland was imposed by the framers of the Versailles peace. If that settlement was in any sense defensible in 1919, that was because both Germany and Russia were for the time being defeated and helpless, and because the Poles were assured of the full support of the then overwhelmingly powerful French army. The notion of bolstering up the Poles as a permanent barrier against the Soviet Union, on the one side, and as the permanent policeman of Prussia, on the other, was never wise, but, in terms of the power politics of 1919 it was possible as a temporary arrangement. No such settlement is conceivable in the next treaty. The influence of the Soviet Union must be the chief factor in Eastern Europe; and to imagine, as some Poles apparently do, that they can rely on the United States or Great Britain to guarantee their frontiers or maintain their security, if they are at odds with their far more powerful neighbor, is to move politics into the atmosphere of cloud-cuckoo land.—The *New Statesman and Nation* (London).

A Backward Country!

By Western standards it is a backward country. It does not enjoy the services of an aristocracy steeped in wealth and tradition. It has no rich merchant and finance community to lavish wealth upon its culture. It has been described as un-Christian because it dared to break the influence of an ignorant and reactionary church. In fact, it has little more to boast than common people, peasants, workers, and even a number of bandits, who are all extraordinarily poor according to our standards. They have no Parliament which stands in silent commiseration for the unfortunate victims of Nazi persecution. They have produced no statesmen whose words and promises are quoted the world over and kept nowhere.

This simple republic of Indians and peons has done what not a single one of the great civilized states of America or Europe has been prepared to do. It has thrown open its gates to the Spanish refugees in North Africa without cumbersome requests as to their parentage, means, and intention. This simple act of humanity stands out like a beacon amid the sickening hesitancy of the great nations at war. The Mexican Republic has by its exertions saved many thousands who might have otherwise perished, and by its example it has shown Britain and America how much more valuable is an ounce of action than a conference of pious intention. For this we salute it with gratitude.—The *Tribune* (London).

Logic

The absence of any properly constituted and recognized council of Allied statesmen has played into the hands of our enemies. . . . If the representatives of the national sovereign states are unable to collaborate under the stress of war, is it likely that they will be anxious to do so in the relaxation of peace? If they cannot create institutions on a cooperative basis to win the war, how can they establish the appropriate machinery to win the peace?—LORD DAVIES in the *Contemporary Review* (London).

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Stefan George

POEMS. By Stefan George. With Translations by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz. Pantheon Books. $2.75.

TOWARD the turn of the century Germany, Austria, and Bohemia produced a triad of first-rate poets—Rilke, George, and von Hofmannsthal. Their careers ran parallel in more respects than that of time. All three began as "decadents," aesthetic and precious, importing the *fin dè siècle* from France and England and exaggerating it into a pose which lacked, in Dowden's phrase, reality rather than sincerity. All three looked to the post-Baudelairean poetry of France for their models rather than to anything in German; all three were pure poets in the sense that they were interested, in the beginning at least, only in poetry. Their earliest verse was excessively mannered, over-pathetic, and cloying, and strained too much after effect—though exception should be made for von Hofmannsthal, who at seventeen was a fully developed poet and whose work already manifested the perfection of those qualities which in Rilke and George were still liabilities. All three brought to German poetry a new and stricter conception of form, seeking to make their verse more dense and self-contained by the renunciation of explicit content and by emphasis upon symbol, sensuous detail, texture, and feats of technique. Hofmannsthal remained always more or less what he was as a boy; for Rilke and George, however, verse became eventually the means to instead of the end of all other experience. They became saints of poetry, expounding the doctrine that through the poetic consciousness rather than through religion the absolute was to be grasped.

Rilke was without doubt the greatest of the three. Yet while they were all alive George wielded the greater influence; Rilke and von Hofmannsthal were affected by him, but he himself was comparatively little affected by them. George was the center of a cult whose members were so galvanized by his personality and example that they succeeded in making the cult almost popular among cultured Germans. In spite of his own proclaimed and sincere intransigence, the upper strata of German society were ready for him when he appeared, and he penetrated their tastes as no other German poet since Goethe seems to have done. That Friedrich Gundolf, one of George's most ardent and active disciples, was a teacher who had had great influence upon Goebbels—in spite of his being a Jew—and that George himself was a reactionary in every sense except that of his art, these factors are not enough of themselves to explain why the Nazis honored and courted the poet and so estimated his prestige that they have not yet allowed his repudiation of them, as they allowed Thomas Mann's, to become public knowledge in Germany.

George, in a role not unlike that of Oscar Wilde and the Pre-Raphaelites in England, was the first in Germany to proclaim in a loud voice the beautiful as a way of life. He set an example by his own way of life, its décor, his clothes, the format of the books he wrote and of the magazine he published—he even designed their type himself. The beautiful, being the noble, hence the aristocratic, could only be pre-bourgeois. The blight of the trader, the liberal, and the skeptic lay upon our times. The salvation prophesied by George was the kingdom come of a hierarchical, feudal-classical Third Reich led by a new élite which would be brave, courtly, and fair, as equable as ancient Greeks and as fervent as Crusaders. There would be a time of fulfilments, announced by a herald—who was very important in George's scheme; this herald was envisioned as a dazzling ephebe, now a god, now an angel, now a most specific and particular youth addressed as "Maximin," whom George was in love with. The fantasy was composed of elements not so very original either in themselves or in combination, but only in the very personal intensity which George gave them and in the quite absurd egotism with which he identified his own sexual yearnings with the future of society. It was his art and his tone that won him the consideration he received as a sage and oracle. And to consider him in any other light than that of his art is to diminish him.

What of the poetry then? If the distinction may be made, George was more artist than poet; a Parnassian who was a molder and fashioner of poems rather than a speaker of them; his emotion was more caught up—if another really illegitimate distinction be permitted—by the plastic than the expressive possibilities of language. George's earlier poetry, written under the aegis of symbolism, I now find somewhat disappointing, for all its elegiac splendor and the originality of its rhythms. George was never capable of the long, sustained poem, and here he seems to make too much of a virtue of this shortness of breath. Poem after poem gives only the climax of a mood, the *moment exquise,* with no befores or afters, too soaked in pathos, too static, and too exquisite. There are only cryptic objects, pregnant but unimplicated details of sight, sound, and smell; and always the dying fall to conclude the poem, with a repetitiousness which is not excused by the truth that George's trochees and dactyls and his use of the feminine ending are almost the most brilliant of all his contributions to poetry—in English as well as in German, since they have reached our language at second hand through the medium of Rilke's influence upon a number of contemporary English poets who read German. The weakness of George's earlier work can be attributed to the fact that symbolist poetry stands under a quantitative limitation. Because of the narrowness of its range of modulation, one can read only so much of it at a time.

Like Rilke, George was over-anxious to become a poet, valuing the vocation inordinately for its own sake. But like Rilke again—and Dante no less—he would not have become so good a poet had not his first swaggering eagerness for the role preceded the consciousness of a mission. George derived his most profound impulses and perceptions from the verbal and rhythmic substance of poetry, that is, from its most tangible medium. Ernst Morwitz, in his introduction to the

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book at hand, remarks correctly if exaggeratedly of George's later verse that "as in the Greek drama, language is not the means to arouse fantasy; it is an end in itself. The wisdom and the laws of the new life . . . are born from an intrinsic rhythm."

In his later verse George consummates the ideal of the short poem. The climactic moment is now no longer exquisite but magic, and the poem, tightened and made terse by George's masterly renovation of archaic words and syntax, becomes that goal of modern poetry, the spell or charm, something small but of illimitable power. The poetry means nothing except itself, yet works on the nerves and senses as if it were concrete experience entirely, not merely something whose meaning we glean through words. George's practice of poetry abstracted from it everything except its definition or the definition of its prime virtue or greatness. The reviewer happens to have a particular fondness for the slightly longer and more declamatory poems of this period, where a cherished moment of history is evoked and made magnificent again. Here George's breath has a fulness and his matter a reference impossible in the compressed and dateless, placeless purer poetry of the shorter pieces. I think the editors of the present book have included too few of these longer poems.

George possessed a limited stock of simple ideas which he relied upon too unqualifiedly. He wrote some of the greatest poems in any language; yet he missed being a great poet because he lacked roundedness. He did not cope enough with the antipathetic and distasteful; it sufficed him to condemn without examining. Rilke, on the other hand, became a great poet only after having in the "Duineser Elegien" gone as far as he could into dirty, difficult, and definite streets. George invented myths, like Rilke's, animated by sex and history, but they remained too personal; whereas Rilke's self-created myths had enough objective vitality to walk out into the world and receive significations given to them by others than the poet.

The translations in the present book, which includes the originals too, are extremely bad. Whether they are faithful or not is unimportant in the light of their badness. If the original poems were too difficult to permit of adequate English versions, as I am ready to agree, then they should have been put into prose, at whatever sacrifice, but not into this:

> Then you, our son, from native stock appeared,
> Confronting us in naked glows of god-hood . . .
>
> When bent on brimming seas around me reel
> New thunders of the tempest . . .
>
> In torrid frenzy running . . .
>
> A rapid rhythm drove the troops to trotting . . .
> And more and more battalions and the selfsame
> Stridor of fanfare-tone . . .
>
> You say it is much you took as yours
> All I possess . . .

George sometimes let himself go in turgid young-German-romantic visions in the manner of his much-admired Jean Paul Richter, his muse mounting from one iridescent cloudiness to another into regions where not only the mind's eye but the words of any other language than German are unable to follow. But none of the things quoted above are from versions of such poems. The translators lack the excuse even of having had to conform to rhyme schemes, for their renditions of unrhymed poems are as bad as those of the rhymed ones. One merit, however, which cannot be denied Miss Valhope and Mr. Morwitz is that of having elucidated some of the many difficulties of interpretation to be found in George's poetry. They know how to read, if not translate.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Mr. Cain's Art

THREE OF A KIND. By James M. Cain. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

JAMES M. CAIN, in his preface to "Three of a Kind," insists rather wistfully that he really has no technique, no theory of sock and twisteroo, in spite of what his critics say. He does admit that he sat for a time at the feet of a screen-writing priest of technique who chanted of the "love-rack," the One, the Two, and the Three, the Power of the Prop, the rationing and supplementing of truth. This undergraduate dream, prevalent in Hollywood and correspondence schools, that the carefully laid technique catches the great story instead of the great story catching the technique has defeated other writers besides Mr. Cain. Mr. Cain claims, however, that he has passed that period in his work, and hopes in future to let the "story secrete its own adrenalin" without "needling." He confesses that he used to have such a morbid fear of boring the reader that he got in the habit of needling a story at the least hint of let-down.

The first two of these short novels, Career in C Major and The Embezzler, could do with more needling than they get, for since Cain extracts nothing from characterization or place he requires a constant drum-roll of telling dialogue and action. In the first story a vicious phony with concert aspirations is tamed finally by her infatuated dumb husband on the only terms she can take—namely, he also fails as a singer, so the happy cluck is entitled to return to her and take regular beatings for the rest of his life. Here is Cain's musical obsession again. He seems to feel that the one high-class field open to his never too bright characters is concert-singing. Smart people seldom sing, as the thought processes evidently get in the way of the vocal chords. There is always at least one person with a big diaphragm in every Cain story.

Once having been caught innocently humming in the park (see "Mildred Pierce") or in the parlor (see Career, etc.) by a disguised operatic big shot, they are groomed for the Metropolitan, make the grade in no time, but crack up for other reasons. Leonard Borland, in Career in C Major, got up a whole Reinald Werrenrath repertoire for the Eastman Theater in Rochester during a few months' lull in his contracting business. He's a wow, too, but it's only when his notes sour that his wife takes him back. If this is "needling," I'd rather be bored but convinced.

The Embezzler is quite as easy to read and based on the not too plausible coincidence of a bank investigator helping the teller's wife to cover up the teller's embezzlements. Here again the author uses the first person, a device which he says saved him after years of struggling to write in the third

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person. In every story, as in previous novels, this "I" is the only character with which he is completely successful, though it is actually always the same man, whether he is bond salesman, truck driver, Acapulco adventurer, or the author. He is always the Mug, this "I," and since he is always portrayed in the first person he can legitimately withhold as much about himself as he cares to, feeding it out in the story chinks not as character development but as plot aids. None of the characters have roots; they are loiterers with no baggage, traveling salesmen to nowhere from nowhere. This prohibits their author the advantages of any drama of man against environment, but does permit him to deal out, as part of the surprise ending, sudden information about their past. In every story the central cast is the same, the Mug ("I"), the Victim, and the Dame; these stock figures are set up methodically and then knocked methodically down by Fate, who happens to be Mr. Cain's bellboy. The Cain women are a trim-ankled lot, varying only as to the colors of their sweaters, but good or bad they push the button for the catastrophe. Either Mr. Cain likes his women spiced with evil, or he was frightened once by the Lorelei; anyway it's the lady's fault every time.

The best story—and the best Cain has done for a long time—is Double Indemnity, an insurance murder story. Here the unfamiliar background of insurance intricacies provides protection against charges of implausibility, just as the Dame's pathological passion for death places her outside any ordinary rules for logical human behavior. The button for catastrophe is pressed when the client's wife casually asks the agent, "Do you handle accident insurance?" The agent is chilled with the conviction that this is the cue for murder, but he offers himself as an accomplice because of lust for her, and knowing all the mysterious machinery of his business it is a gambling challenge to beat it. From then on it has the tempo of fast farce—getting the Dame, getting the Victim, getting the company, getting the other girl, being *got* by the Dame, and then by the company.

Validity in art is recognized by the after-effect, and the after-effect of a Cain book is a half-angry feeling of having been gypped, of having picked up the April Fool pocketbook or having cried over "Mother Machree." This is not to say that Mr. Cain's art is not important in its own peculiar way, or that it is mere hammock reading. Rather it is something to read in the Iron Virgin, for at its best the intensity of suspense successfully anaesthetizes all other senses and might even induce a trance. This special trick entitles the practitioner to a turban rather than laurels, but very likely Mr. Cain can get along well enough without his greens.

DAWN POWELL

Latin American Hero

CAPTAIN OF THE ANDES: THE LIFE OF JOSE DE SAN MARTIN. By Margaret H. Harrison. Richard R. Smith. $3.

THE list of Latin American heroes deserving up-to-date biographies is unlimited. Bolívar has inspired more than one colorful book from the pen of imaginative writers. The rest—San Martín, Sucre, O'Higgings, Belgrano, Carrera, Paez Hidalgo, Morelos—have been the victims of soporific Ph.D.

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candidates or well-equipped but dull professors. A most ungrateful destiny for such picturesque personalities!

Mrs. Harrison's book on San Martín is almost, but not quite, what an ideal book of this kind should be. She has done a good deal of research in archives and libraries, and at times the reader feels the living presence of the Argentine hero. The chapters that deal with the last days of San Martín in exile—The Hermit of Grand Bourg and Nightfall—are written with feminine tenderness and dramatic force, and are probably the outstanding pages of the book. Mrs. Harrison makes a good deal of San Martín's spirit of sacrifice, especially his yielding to Bolívar's will after the famous interview of Guayaquil. However, this strikes me as a negative quality in a liberator of his magnitude and in his position. One may deduce that if San Martín had met an opponent of Bolívar's character at the beginning of his career as a liberator he might not even have accomplished the independence of Argentina and Chile.

The family life of San Martín—his early days in South America, the influence of his parents over the young boy, the indifference of the soldier toward his young wife, his difficulty in making intimate and long friendships—is sketchily recounted here. The reader feels that he must know more about the man San Martín.

Mrs. Harrison's book is written simply. It is the plain story of San Martín—of his efforts to liberate Argentina, Chile, and Peru from the Spanish yoke, his renunciation, and finally his death abroad.

ARTURO TORRES RIOSECO

How the War Is Fought

WAR EAGLES: THE STORY OF THE EAGLE SQUADRON. By James Saxon Childers. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.75.

COASTAL COMMAND. British Air Ministry. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

I SEEK MY PREY IN THE WATERS: THE COASTAL COMMAND AT WAR. By Squadron Leader Tom Dudley-Gordon. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

AT THE beginning the English almost gave up hope of making efficient aerial fighters out of the Eagle Squadron, the American volunteers who joined the Royal Air Force. The adventure-seeking boys pictured air warfare as it was in the last war and dreamed of becoming famous aces like Foncke, Richthofen, and Rickenbacker. But the art of fighting in the sky had completely changed; the aces of 1918 were like knights of feudal days, as Colonel Childers points out, and just as the knight had become lost in mass troop movements, so the individual pilot had become part of a mass aerial formation. Little by little it was beaten into the boys' heads that they had to fight as a team and that the pilot who darted out of formation to pursue what looked like an easy prey not only was risking his own neck but also was imperiling his fellows. Death eliminated the wild individualists. The boys who were able to learn the intricate skills of modern team fighting finally made the Eagle Squadron into a highly valuable arm of the R. A. F. It is now in the American air force.

The British estimate that it costs about $125,000 to train a fighter pilot. He has to learn to twist and weave through the air to present a minimum target to flak gunners. He has to learn to shoot while diving at 600 miles an hour. He has to learn not to shoot until he is within 200 yards of the enemy plane and then to fire only for a second or two; his cannon are capable of firing for a total of six seconds, and his machine-guns for only sixteen seconds. He has to learn to see; on one of the Eagle Squadron's first flights they were attacked by some Messerschmitts and a battle was fought; but when they landed, four of the pilots who had been looking the other way at the moment did not even know there had been a battle. Even the most experienced pilot is said to see only 7 or 8 per cent of what goes on in an aerial fight; things happen too fast for the quickest eye.

Having been a naval aviator in the last war, Colonel Childers was well able to appreciate these problems. His book is not only a lively chronicle of the Eagle Squadron but also an excellent introduction to the complex art of present-day warfare in the sky. The Colonel tells about the various types of tasks which fighter pilots must undertake, from the small-scale harassing operations to the great intrusive sweeps involving scores of fighters and bombers. He tells how pilots are briefed for their jobs, and reproduces conversations and commands that passed over the radio telephones while the planes were in action. The Colonel gathered much of his material from the pilots themselves, and also had access to the official records of the squadron.

In addition to such lore, Colonel Childers has good stories to tell about the Eagles, who were not exactly a demure lot. Among the more unpredictable of the boys was Leo Nomis, an Indian who worshiped guns. There came a long dull stretch in which he had no opportunity to fire at a Jerry. Flying along on monotonous convoy patrol one day, he could stand it no longer; he just had to find out whether his guns were working right. He sighted fifty feet above the right wing of the Eagle ahead of him, and blazed away. Amazed imprecations came over the radio phone from the pilot ahead, and Leo answered: "What the hell's the matter? I'm missing you, ain't I?"

Five million square miles of ocean from Iceland to equatorial Africa are the province of Coastal Command, that semi-autonomous section of Britain's Royal Air Force whose task is to patrol the seas and shores. It uses land planes and seaplanes; it fights with mines, torpedoes, and depth charges as well as with bombs and guns. It was Coastal Command that tracked down the Bismarck; it was a Coastal Command plane that had the unique distinction of capturing a submarine and its crew at sea. When Russia entered the war it was Coastal Command that flew the ferry service to Archangel.

The book "Coastal Command" is the British Air Ministry's official account of the war role of that branch. The author's name is not given, but he was Hilary A. St. George Saunders, whom the government employed to tell the public how the war was being fought. His books have had enormous sales in England, and his latest, "Combined Operations," also without his name, is a Book-of-the-Month selection in this country. Mr. Saunders has come over to give Elmer Davis some ideas; this is good, for England has succeeded in letting the people in on the war to a much greater extent than we have. After all, the war is not the exclusive property of

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the High Command, as some of our admirals and generals seem to think.

"Coastal Command" tells the story with quiet competence. There are nearly 200 pictures in the book, a superb collection. English readers, who know an Albacore from a Skua as well as we know a Cadillac from a Chevrolet, no doubt find the authoritative details fascinating. Americans may find "I Seek My Prey in the Waters" a more entertaining version. This book was written by three British newspapermen who served as public-relations officers, and covers much the same ground as the Air Ministry account but in a more chatty, anecdotal style. For instance, they tell about the time a British submarine started to dive, taking no chance that the Coastal Command plane overhead would mistake it for a German, an easy thing to do. But the bomber, having duly recognized it, flashed a light signal: "T-W-E-R-P." "Why?" asked the submarine. "British," said the plane. The amused submarine commander reported this exchange; some dull official made the pilot of the plane write an apology to the submarine for insulting it. The captain wrote back to the pilot saying he didn't mean to stir up a fuss, except that he thought it should have been spelled "T-W-I-R-P." MARCUS DUFFIELD

Opera for the Listener

MORE STORIES OF FAMOUS OPERAS. By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

THE object of this book, says Newman, is "to help the listener to opera, whether in the theater or by radio, to get more value out of his listening."

An opera begins by being a stage play; and one of the things Newman does in his book is to describe the dramatic action of each opera. He describes it in sufficient detail to make his summary a helpful guide to the person in the opera house, but a less adequate guide to the radio listener, who does not see where the characters stand, what they do, which one addresses which, and who therefore needs the guidance of the complete text. A person using this text of "Der Rosenkavalier" will get a great deal of detail that Newman omits, most of it unimportant, but one line—the Princess's exclamation to her hairdresser: "Today you have made an old woman of me"—a key line for what happens in the rest of the first act.

An opera carries on its dramatic action with the help of music; and there are many things in the music that the opera-goer should know but is likely not to know, says Newman. Of all the people who have heard "Der Rosenkavalier" how many, he wonders, "have paid any particular attention to the little figure quoted as No. 2a in the following analysis? I do not mean when motive No. 2 is first heard as a whole in the orchestral prelude to the opera—no one can fail to be aware of it there—but some forty or fifty bars later, when it appears, in the condensed form of no more than just these three notes, as a counterpart to another theme. And even if the listener's attention does happen to have been caught by this fragment, how is he to know that Strauss has marked it '*seufzend*,' thereby telling the student of the score in the plainest terms possible that he is expected to hear in it the sigh of the Princess over the love that she is soon to lose forever?" These are things which he must be told, and which, apparently, Newman will tell him; but actually Newman tells him very few of them: he describes long stretches of action without pointing out the recurrence, in the service of this action, of the themes he has quoted. For that matter he describes long stretches of action without even quoting important themes the first time. And where he does mention a detail he ignores the problem of correlating word with actual sound: one cannot merely mention details scattered through the work and expect the listener to catch them; one must point them out to him; and in a book the only way to do this is to direct him to the particular measures in the score, or to the particular places on records. The opera-goer can get the knowledge of the music and of its relation to the action that Newman says he should have by going through the score at the piano or with records; but he will not get it from this book.

Newman also thinks the opera-goer should know how the opera happened to be written, what its dramatic sources were, how this dramatic material was adapted and used. Some of his material of this kind is interesting—for example, the account of how the original conception of "Der Rosenkavalier" changed in the process of being realized. Some of it is a great and unnecessary to-do about very little—for example, the ten pages devoted to the changing details of the unimportant German and French comedies that were the basis for the libretto of "Die Fledermaus." What produces this also produces the to-do about the dramatic weakness, in "Boris Godunov," in the fact that the Czarevitch is on the stage during Boris's monologue and "is allowed to listen to his father's confession of the murder of the child," but that in the later scene with Shuisky Boris sends the Czarevitch from the room "to keep from his son the terrible truth of his guilt in the matter of the murder of Dmitri, after he himself had laid it bare to him in [the] earlier scene!" Newman is too excited about his own brilliant perception to see that Boris's monologue in the earlier scene is addressed only to us, and tells us only his thoughts, and is therefore not heard by the Czarevitch (he makes the same mistake about Boris's first phrases in the Coronation Scene). And I have rarely seen pompousness sling phrases around with more confusion and less sense than in the discussion of the original and Rimsky-Korsakov versions of "Boris Godunov."

The operas which Newman discusses include some of the standard works; there are also some which we are not likely to hear in our lifetime—on the one hand a great work like Berlioz's "Trojans," on the other hand things like Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad"; but "Salome" is omitted, though it is part of the standard repertory and is as important as "Elektra" and "Der Rosenkavalier" and is more important than "The Barber of Bagdad."

Newman is a critic with powers of insight and intellect that one is bound to respect and admire, but also with weaknesses—one of them being his own admiration of his powers and their works, which causes even his good writing to have an odor of ostentatiousness and pompousness, and which makes even the substance of some of his writings very bad. This book has both good and bad in it; and even with faults and deficiencies that limit its usefulness it is probably the best of its kind. B. H. HAGGIN

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Fiction in Review

PERHAPS not in a class with Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck, but in a class, say, with Andy Hardy, Rose Franken's Claudia is one of America's current minor institutions. At the age of twenty-five Claudia is the heroine of countless stories in the women's magazines, of a Broadway hit, of a radio serial, and of a trilogy of novels. The latest novel is called, simply, "Another Claudia" (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50); according to its jacket, "what Mark Twain did for the small-town American Boy, Rose Franken has done for the American Wife," and I think the comparison is not unfair. For just as a potential Huckleberry Finn lies hidden in even the most progressive-school little boy, I suspect that a potential Claudia lurks beneath the surface of the least Claudia-like of American women, ready to spring out if given the chance. Usually it isn't given the chance, any more than the youngsters of my acquaintance would be allowed to come within a block of Nigger Jim, let alone expose themselves to grippe and athlete's foot by going without shoes. Nevertheless, Huck is part of the American dream of boyhood, and when the children I know come of age, they will no doubt try to give the dream a wistful semblance of reality; and just so Claudia is the wishful dream of American wifehood. If the young matron who reads "Claudia" is no Claudia herself, she could wish to be, and as she grows old she may even persuade herself, wistfully, that that's the way things really were when she was young.

For no woman wants to grow up—and here is Claudia a perpetual child yet enjoying all the privileges of maturity. Who could be better loved than Claudia by her David, and who could be more charming or prettier and yet so unburdened by the responsibilities of either brains or beauty? This is indeed the stuff that dreams are made of. Claudia is a baby herself but the mother of two children, a wife but a mistress, a dimwit but married to a man who is the soul of competence and earns a fine living: surely Miss Franken has mined a rich vein of female fantasy. It is true, of course, that book by book Claudia must grow older, but how gently time lays its hand upon her and how lightly Claudia skips from under its touch! It is the "realism" of the Claudia stories that their author recognizes that *too* much immaturity is not entirely desirable in a grown woman and regularly provides Claudia with a fresh calamity to age her—Claudia's mother dies of cancer, a third baby miscarries, Claudia has a nervous breakdown; still, what to a bigger person would be a knockout blow is for Claudia merely a new occasion to exhibit the wonderful resilience of childhood.

The important thing about Claudia is that she is so modern. In Miss Franken's heroine Hemingway has seeped down into the women's magazines: Claudia is a Connecticut Catherine Barkley. Gallant and sophisticated, she scorns cliché and sentiment; she can listen to four-letter words without a blush, and she talks about going to bed like a charming little hussy. But, actually, scratch the surface of Claudia's gallantry and you find a clinging vine; scratch the smart surface of her language and you uncover the eternal clichés of folk-wisdom: Claudia's values are compounded of "feed the brute," "all men are little boys grown up," and "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." As for her sexual sophistication, there was that revealing moment at the play "Claudia" when a wandering gentleman thought Claudia knew what she was up to when she put on that lipstick and those pajamas; first David had to sock the guy, then explain that his wife was a sexual infant!

But perhaps even more significant than Claudia's relation with her husband is her relation with her servants and children—so modern, too, and so practical. Some of Claudia's best friends are her maids: she understands that servants are human, understands it so well, in fact, that the current Jane, or whatever her name is, plans the meals, does all the cooking, bathes and dresses the children, mends, sees that the children have haircuts, and does all the cleaning without any visible help from Claudia. Or in her role of mother Claudia understands what a mistake it is to sacrifice one's husband to one's children. Claudia makes no such mistake: she sacrifices her children to anything, including the dogs. The new brittleness in child-rearing one might call the principle on which Claudia brings up her boys—the reaction to the reaction which, only so few years ago, was teaching us that children needed love.

Indeed, all along the line this is the nature of Claudia's modernity—reaction to reaction. According to how you look at it, then, Miss Franken's creation is either one step ahead of the game or a cultural lag. For instance, it is 1942, but Claudia, whose husband is about to go to war, makes it adorably feminine to be ignorant of geography and politics, and to be cute about insurance. When she backs the car into the garage, ripping off the door, deep in her heart she knows it will only make David love her the more—it makes men feel so superior that women are awful drivers. Claudia even avoids the beauty parlor except *in extremis* because men prefer their women "natural." Is there no length to which some women won't go to sell out their sex?

And yet I enjoyed reading "Another Claudia" much more than I've enjoyed many more serious novels. The writing is simple and adequate. If there isn't much action, there is a good substitute for action, the sense of something doing every moment and every page full of the recognizable details of day-to-day living. And after all, so few writers have anything to add to life, it is rather a relief to read someone who makes no pretense to doing more than reflect it.

I certainly mean it as no comment on either of them that I follow Rose Franken with Nancy Hale. As a woman-specialist, Miss Hale is obviously a bird of a different feather; and although I didn't understand what she was trying to say about our sex in "The Prodigal Women," I do know she was trying to say something quite complicated and quite in another direction from the author of Claudia. Now Miss Hale has a collection of short stories, "Between the Dark and the Daylight" (Scribner's, $2.50), which I am glad to report are not only eminently understandable but move out of the women's dormitory into the world. Some of the pieces—Odd Fellows' Hall is an example—are mood-pieces and self-conscious in the manner of the fashionable short story, but these are in the minority. Miss Hale's distinction is her ability to cast into personal human terms her intense moral, even political, indignation; and when she is hitting her stride, as in Those Are As Brothers or The Marching Feet, she is writing very good short fiction.

DIANA TRILLING

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FILMS

AS CINEMA and as warfare, "Mission to Moscow" is an important piece. Not entirely without skill, it inaugurates for a great general audience a kind of pamphleteering and of at least nominal non-fiction whose responsibilities, whose powers for good or evil, enlightenment or deceit, are appalling; and of which we are likely to get a great deal from now on. (Walter Huston touring Mr. Willkie's One World seems like a foregone conclusion.) This first film is likely to hasten and intensify our cooperation with the Soviet Union. It may even help frustrate those who—if my naive impression is correct—plan to win this particular peace by destroying the Soviet Union, dominating Europe with the help of Bryn Mawr graduates and domesticated democrats, and reducing China to an Anglo-American-owned, Japanese-policed laundry. To whatever degree the film may help frustrate such intentions, and enrich our alliance, I feel considerable passion in its favor. It will be the first time that moving pictures have even flexed their muscles in a human crisis. Aside from these purely practical issues, however, the picture fascinates me chiefly as a phenomenon. So does the question how it came to be made in the first place.

There are other questions. Did the government urge the film on Warner Brothers? Is it federally subsidized or lend-lease? Are the sacred treatment of the President and the adroit suggestion that all isolationists were Republicans parts of a deal or mere good-will? We can only suspect, through rumor and internal inference, that the Stalinists here stole or were handed such a march that the film is almost describable as the first Soviet production to come from a major American studio. Almost, but not quite. For it is indeed, as Manny Farber has well said, a mishmash: of Stalinism with New Dealism with Hollywoodism with journalism with opportunism with shaky experimentalism with mesmerism with onanism, all mosaicked into a remarkable portrait of what the makers of the film think that the American public should think the Soviet Union is like—a great glad two-million-dollar bowl of canned borscht, eminently approvable by the Institute of Good Housekeeping.

As such, it is as rich a subject for diagnosis as any other dream.

Up to a point—not far short of first base—it is serviceable. It is good to see the conservatives of this country, Great Britain, France, and Poland named even for a fraction of their responsibility for this war. It is good to see the Soviet Union shown as the one nation during the past decade which not only understood fascism but desired to destroy it, and which not only desired peace but had some ideas how it might be preserved and how it would otherwise inevitably be lost. It is good for that matter to hear even an oblique line spoken in favor of Basic English—a line by the way which underlines the rumor that Madame Litvinov played a strong hand behind-screen.

But that is about as much good as I can find, barring some sincere performances and some rather inchoate directorial nervous energy. The rest is shameful rot. Not that "Mission to Moscow" is either remarkably more true or more false than the characteristic reflexes of Hollywood, the press, the schools, the politicians, or civilization in general: simply, it indulges the all but universal custom of using only so much of the truth as may be convenient and of regarding aesthetic integrity, human verisimilitude, and psychological credibility as scullions, dismissible without notice if employable at all. This sort of irresponsibility is insulting and inimical to its producers, appraisers, and consumers alike, and those who accept or excuse it insult and endanger themselves still again, from within. The immediate incidental pragmatic effect may be good. But the deeper effect is shame, grief, anaesthesia, the ruin of faith and conscience and the roots of intelligence; and the real end, as should be reasonably clear just now, is disaster.

Letting that be for the moment, what are some examples?

Mr. Davies himself is one in his prologue, indorsing the gospel truth of this production—a figure as much of dream as of reality. As a big business man, the figure which has replaced Lincoln as the American archetype, he is a creature whose wisdom, disinterest, reliability are final and above question.

The man whom Ambassador Huston faithfully calls "Boss" is another. Boss is here accorded almost the divine invisibility of "good taste" which Jesus Christ rated in Fred Niblo's "Ben Hur," where a Mazda bulb stood in for the Nazarene; and his voice, even in intimate conversation with Joe, sounds as if he were telling a hundred and thirty million of his friends that we planned it that way.

Ambassador Huston is still another, as he carries his honest Tarkingtonian charm around brightest Russia, Seeing for Himself with an Open Mind. He sees little of the colossal country and the astonishing people Warner Brothers might at least have half tried to let him see. But Davies himself didn't see either, actually. He saw what ambassadors, officials see; and the film shows him doing just that, no more. This is one of the most faithful notes in the film, really. What little Mr. Huston does see, however, will be mighty illuminating to those fifty million-odd moviegoers who have never had his advantages. For there is no essential difference, it turns out, between the Soviet Union and the good old U. S. A., except that in Russia everybody affects a Weber and Fields accent and women run locomotives and you get tailed by a pair of harmless comics who claim to be GPU men. The Ambassador learns this sort of good news in a series of dialogues on that "educational" radio level in which a mere scientist asks a Pasteur, "Just what *is* this H_2O, Doctor Coffee-Nerves?" and gets a wrong answer. Mrs. Davies and Madame Molotov, meanwhile, put on a woman's-page skit with a serving maid which makes Elinor Ames's "The Correct Thing" look like the correct thing. Later, at a "history"-making reception, two 'cello-voiced Soviet officials stroll past the camera with the most endearing Daisy Ashfordism in years. Commissar Cox opines, "We are entering a new era, don't you think so?" Commissar Box retaliates, feelingly, "*I* think we have done *remarkably* well!"

About the trials I am not qualified to speak. On surface falsifications of fact and atmosphere I might, but on the one crucial question, whether Trotsky and Trotskyists were or were not involved with Germany and Japan in a plot to overthrow the government and to partition the country, I am capable of no sensible opinion. I neither believe it nor disbelieve it. I neither believe nor disbelieve evidence to the contrary. I am unable to trust the politicians of either camp or of any other to supply me, the world in general, or even their closest associates, with the truth. I am unable to be sure, even, that men of such intelligence, courage, and integrity as Professor Dewey are undeceivable in such matters, deeply as I respect them; so I am unable, in turn, to be convinced by their findings and opinions. It may be that this painful impotence is an impotence merely of my own spirit; it may be that I am immobilized, rather, by my conviction that a primary capacity

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for telling or discovering the truth is possible, today, to few human beings in few types of occupation or allegiance. In any case I can attempt to learn the truth, and can defend, or attack, only in areas where I can rely in some small degree on the hope of emergent truthfulness in the material and in those who are handling it. JAMES AGEE

ART

HENRY MOORE. At the Buchholz Gallery, 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 29.

One would have expected Henry Moore's drawings to be good, knowing his sculpture, but who could have imagined how wonderful they would be, how delicate the color and the line! One of the few things that can be said for this war is that it has forced him to draw; he found he was unable to get either the materials or the proper surroundings in which to do his sculptures. He has such sponsors as Herbert Read and Sir Kenneth Clark and well he deserves them. But even they find it difficult to give any idea of the beauty and importance of his pictures.

MAX ERNST. At Julien Levy, 42 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 21.

Max Ernst's current show lacks evidence of his usually fertile imagination. The pictures are monotonously repetitious, and their smooth tubular shapes somehow suggest that they should be sold under the counter like rubber goods. But to make up for it he is also showing some of his charming *collages.* This exhibition is to celebrate a book "Misfortunes of the Immortals" by Max Ernst and Paul Eluard, translated by Hugh Chisholm (and very well translated), and published by the Black Sun Press. The illustrations are witty but the text dates sadly.

HERBERT MATTER: PHOTOGRAPHY. At the Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 15.

Some of these items are straightforward photographs, some are surrealist in spirit, and some a mixture of the two, but all are excellent—clear, direct, and with a sense of poetry to ensnare the onlooker. There are two attractive *montages* as well, but Mr. Matter's real talent is for photography, and of his photographs the ones that are surrealist in feeling are the most dazzling.

JEAN CONNOLLY

RECORDS

THE most important recording on Columbia's May list is the one of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 127 made by the Budapest Quartet (Set 537, $5.78). Sullivan, in his marvelously perceptive chapter on Beethoven's last quartets, says almost nothing of this one; but what he says of the group as a whole and of the others in particular is true of Op. 127. In the slow movement, which is the greatest of the work, we encounter the "remote spiritual content" of the group, the "strange seas of thought" in which Beethoven "discovered unsuspected islands and even continents." Not in the wonderful opening theme, which is as direct and clear in emotional implications as it is in structure; but suddenly in the first variation, where the implied meaning is as involved as the texture and structure, as strange and elusive at times as the harmonic progressions in the sixth measure, the dislocated rhythms in the seventh, and where this meaning finally attains the remote exaltation that is conveyed in some other slow movements of the group. And also in the third and fifth variations. And the other movements of Op. 127 are suffused with the "gay melancholy" that Sullivan speaks of in connection with the *alla tedesca* movement of Op. 130—with intimations of the pain communicated by Op. 132.

The work has been available recently only in a characteristically heavy-footed and pedantic performance on Victor records by the Busch Quartet. The Budapest Quartet's performance in the new Columbia set is one of the finest I have heard from this group; and the records reproduce its marvelous inflections very well but make it sound cold, hard, and at times even harsh—which the real sound of the Budapest Quartet is not.

Also on Columbia's May list is Borodin's Symphony No. 2 performed by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set 528, $4.73). The work remains, for me, tunefully inconsequential; but the performance is surprisingly good, and the sound of it on the records is clear, agreeable, and normal. Then there are "Ah! fors' è lui" from Verdi's "La Traviata," well sung by Bidú Sayao (71451-D, $1.05), and "Udite, udite, o rustici" from Donizetti's "L'Elisire d'Amore," amusingly done by Baccaloni (71383-D, $1.05)—and I say "done" rather than "sung" because of Baccaloni's extensive use of *parlando.* The orchestral accompaniments conducted by Leinsdorf are a little too unobtrusive; and one must wonder why Columbia isn't able to record performances by the New York Philharmonic as well as it records these accompaniments.

Columbia's May record classic offers one of the finest works of this century, Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1, and a superb performance by Szigeti with the London Philharmonic under Beecham that is excellently recorded (Set 244, $3.26).

Take the music of a Richard Rodgers song by itself, and it has a sort of dead-pan simplicity and innocence; take it with the lyric, and as a phrase of music rounds itself out with the line one hears the witty point of the words being underlined by the music, which only then reveals the unsuspected wicked force packed in behind the dead-pan, innocent simplicity. Such music and choreography like Agnes de Mille's, with its own extravagances bursting out of innocences, are beautifully suited to each other; and the dances in "Oklahoma" are delightful. I must confess, however, that seeing them for the first and only time I was sometimes confused—once by not knowing from the song or from anything else what was being made fun of in the funny dance to "Many a New Day"; later by the contradictory humorous and tragic elements in the dream ballet. It may be Miss de Mille who at the most serious moment cannot resist the impulse to deliver a kick in the pants; or it may be the contradictions in the libretto—for example, the smoke house scene, with the humor of the duet "Pore Jud" interrupting the literally deadly serious conflict between Curly and Jud—that are carried into the ballet (not having seen "Green Grow the Lilacs" I don't know whether there were these contradictions in the original play, or whether they got in as the play was reduced to a typical musical comedy *libretto*).

Most of the issues of the little magazine Dance Index have dealt with matters of interest only to specialists. But the issue of September-October-November 1942 was devoted to excerpts from the writings of Carl Van Vechten which included two long pieces on the Diaghilev Ballet Russe and Nijinsky that I found extremely perceptive and illuminating. And the issue of March 1943 was devoted to photographs of Nijinsky, with accompanying notes by Edwin Denby pointing out more of the exciting things in them than a non-professional eye would see alone. B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Bicycle View

Dear Sirs: I was pleased to receive the first number I have seen of *The Nation.* I wonder how many I am to receive for the dollar I sent? I will soon know whether I can afford to give the time to read it. I skimmed over the articles, intending to read them later, but I went for the letters to the editor and read them carefully. Do editors know that these are the most valuable pages of their publications? They tell what the people are thinking, those who are on the spot. Their conclusions may err but their facts must be considered.

Now the accomplished writer makes a living by thinking up stuff and putting it in smart words like the young preacher who must, at least three times a week, *make up* a sermon. He makes it up mostly out of his books or out of his head. But what I saw in a twenty-mile ride on my bicycle today you could not extract at a rolltop desk in New York.

For example, in that twenty miles I did not see one farm worker or any farmers working. About five miles from here there is a farm where other years we bought all sorts of vegetables and strawberries. I asked the owner the other day why not this year as always. He said, "I was uncertain about getting help." He is raising a few carrots and beets this year. When I saw him gathering carrots some time ago, he and his wife and four colored women were at work. It meant six workers and a trip to Tampa—forty miles.

Some time ago I saw eight people planting tomato plants on the farm down the other road. It was the third planting. The farmer depended on the work of his wife and three daughters and had also employed a man for the day. The skilled farm hand told me privately that he would not do it another day, that he "could not stand it," that is, the bending down and sticking in the plants all day. The girls seemed to be having a good time on their day out of school.

On the road I took today there is an extensive dahlia farm. It is bigger than the other two farms. One sees whole carloads of the big baskets for the express car of the Shore Line every day.

And take this in—almost any part of the land I passed through could raise anything we want from chickens to strawberries. New land would not pay the first year. The work would have to be directed and planned and the labor paid for. Part of the pay would have to come from the government.

There are plenty of well-to-do people in the communities. They would have to be directed. We need not call it drafted. Plenty would be willing if asked; and then many are just satisfied to work on unessential jobs, like the able colored man I met on the way home. He was growling about his work—I suppose he gets little more than his food. He said he works at the saloon cleaning up and washing dishes.

JOSEPH C. HARVEY

Farrell's Corner, Bradenton Beach, Fla., April 5

Fischer and Culbertson

Dear Sirs: Mr. Fischer's article in a recent issue of *The Nation* was an able (and very devastating) criticism of Ely Culbertson's plan for post-war world organization. His attack on the details of the plan, particularly those features which he believes would tend to perpetuate imperialism and the colonial system, is able and convincing. Unfortunately he fails to notice any of the good features of the plan, or to offer any constructive criticism.

Certainly some sort of world federation is necessary, and Mr. Culbertson cannot be damned for suggesting one in concrete terms. Regional organization is almost inherent in such a federation, or at the very least is an alternative worth considering.

If there is to be a world police force at all, is there any alternative to something like the "quota-force system" which Mr. Culbertson suggests? Call it anything you like, but any international force will have to be recruited in some such manner. Mr. Fischer hints here at the alternative of general disarmament, but I am afraid that this is even more "unrealistic" and improbable than anything Mr. Culbertson suggests.

The real value of Mr. Culbertson's plan, however, has been missed entirely. Here is something presented in sufficiently concrete and detailed form, and sufficiently well publicized, to stimulate discussion of the problems involved by many people, including such qualified experts as Mr. Fischer himself. It is all very well to talk vaguely of world organization and a world police force, but here is something that gets us all down to "brass tacks" and a little thinking about the concrete problems and difficulties involved.

The most disappointing feature of Mr. Fischer's article is, of course, his failure to suggest alternatives. (One is tempted here to offer this as a general criticism of many contributions to *The Nation.*) Mr. Culbertson has been very careful to emphasize that he is offering his plan as a basis for discussion, and not as a finished product. As such, it will be of value only if it brings forth constructive comment.

Mr. Fischer's article certainly calls for a sequel discussing his own ideas on post-war organization.

C. FAYETTE TAYLOR

Cambridge, Mass., April 27

Dear Sirs: My article grew out of a review of Culbertson's pamphlet, and while I saw my way clear to criticizing what Culbertson wrote I did not think I was called upon to suggest alternatives.

Some day, perhaps, I will write the sequel and discuss my own ideas on post-war organization.

Meanwhile I think that destructive criticism of harmful proposals is a constructive thing to do. In defense of *The Nation* I should add that it is often constructive. LOUIS FISCHER

New York, May 3

Those Baltic States

Dear Sirs: In one of his recent speeches Wendell Willkie reminisced: "After the last war was over, I saw our bright dreams disappear, our stirring slogans become the jest of the cynical." The ably expressed ideas of Vassili Soukhomline's article, Russia's Baltic Frontier, in *The Nation* of March 27, go far toward preparing similar disillusions for future Willkies.

It is fashionable to treat the millennial German *Drang nach Osten* as something reprehensible. The equally millennial Russian *Drang* toward what Peter the Great called *okno v Evropu* (a window on Europe) should receive the same treatment, since both these Drangs trample on the natural rights of the small nations which had the historical misfortune to settle the shores of the Baltic

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before the Germans or the Russians got there. Both Drangs go against the spirit of the Atlantic Charter.

Mr. Soukhomline asserts that "not only strategic but vital economic and political reasons urged Russia toward the shores of the Baltic." Why stop at the Baltic? Why not go on toward the Atlantic Ocean, toward Denmark and Norway? The happy exponent of the traditional Russian imperialistic urge says, "Before the First World War 32 per cent of Russia's foreign trade went through the Baltic ports" (it is not clear whether Leningrad is included). However, in a letter to the New York *Times* the Latvian Minister in Washington wrote on March 23: "On August 11, 1920, Soviet Russia signed a peace treaty with Latvia and recognized forever Latvia's independence. Latvia granted to Soviet Russia full transit possibilities, over railroads, waterways, and harbors, and even lowered local tariffs for Soviet transit goods. Soviet Russia did not use these facilities. Maybe there was nothing to export, maybe it was a certain Soviet policy."

If Soviet Russia could get along very well for eighteen years without the warm-water ports of Latvia, it would seem reasonable to presume that it could just as well get along without them, say, for another eighteen hundred years.

Mr. Soukhomline then fits another string into the imperialistic bow: "There is no doubt the Allies would never have thought of separating the Baltic provinces from Russia [in 1918] had not Russia been temporarily weakened by war and revolution." Very true, but "thoughts" are not always in accord with the facts of life and justice. There was a time when the British Crown did not think of letting the American colonies separate and become independent. There is reason to believe that the British do not think of letting India go the whole way toward independence. There was a time when another group of Allies thought to smother the ideas of the French Revolution. Does Mr. Soukhomline wish to argue that a nation, small or large, has no right to strive for political independence and freedom just because somebody "thinks" otherwise?

Mr. Soukhomline winds up his ably written imperialistic argument with a historical misstatement and the salve of a "social revolution." "It was Germany," he says, "that took the initiative in creating the Baltic states." It is excusable for a Russian who has left behind him the social revolution he so lightheartedly wishes on the Baltic populations not to know the history of Lithuanian, Latvian, and Estonian independence movements, which have deep roots in these nations' history. Mr. Soukhomline is sadly misinformed when he declares, "As a matter of fact, Germany proclaimed the 'independence' of Lithuania on February 16, 1918."

As a matter of real fact, this proclamation was made by a Lithuanian *Taryba* (Council) of twenty members elected by a Congress of Lithuanian delegates from the thirty-three German-occupied districts of Lithuania. This Congress was held in Vilnius on September 17-23, 1917, and 230 delegates participated. The proclamation was against the wishes of the German military government, which was angling for a personal union with the King of Prussia. This declaration by the *Taryba* was immediately approved by a Congress of Lithuanian War Refugees in Russia held in Petrograd and by a Congress of American Lithuanians held in Madison Square Garden, March 13, 1918. This declaration coincided with the wishes of the Lithuanian nation.

The salve of "social revolution" adduced by Mr. Soukhomline as one of blessings of the Russian *Drang* toward the Baltic fools nobody. The plain fact is that the Lithuanians had their social revolution: an intelligent land reform duly devised by a democratically elected and free parliament working through regularly constituted political parties and leaders. This happened 'way back in 1923. The Lithuanians are a peasant, Catholic nation with a distinctly Western outlook and a very strong and thriving cooperative movement. They want none of the Bolshevik revolution or its methods. The same goes for the Latvians and the Estonians.

Since the Nazi aggression against Lithuania in 1939, when the port of Klaipeda (Memel) and the $20,000,000 worth of improvements were seized by Hitler, the government of Lithuania has been a coalition of members of all Lithuanian parties with the tacit support of the Social Democrats. Its only "fascist" symbol was the President, still in office after a putsch by military officers in 1926. This putsch had the ostensible aim of counteracting an expected Bolshevik move against the political integrity of Lithuania—a move similar to the one that failed in Estonia.

If the Baltic republics fail to regain their hard-won independence after this war, it will not be on account of any of the arguments of Russian imperialism, so ably set forth by Mr. Soukhomline. The Lithuanians, the Latvians, and the Estonians will lose their independence by the simple principle of might is right. Must we applaud this in advance, presumably upon the great liberal principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," because Soviet Russia has 190,000,000 people, the Baltic republics only 5,000,000?

The problem is by no means an easy one, but a true liberal, it would seem, should strive to work for an international order where might could not override the natural rights of smaller nations.

The Baltic peoples place their hopes in the United States. In fact, the hopes of many other peoples are placed there, also. These hopes may turn sour. The United States may repudiate the principles of the Atlantic Charter as it repudiated the Wilsonian idealism expressed in the League of Nations. If that should happen, then the "nascent Soviet nationalism," as Professor Karpovich calls it, will accomplish the work which czarist imperialism strove to do in the Baltic region from 1795 on, that is, to Russianize the non-Slav Baltic populations. The millennial Russian *Drang* will then be complete, and three more small nations will have been choked by a bigger one.

VYT SIRVYDAS,
Former Editor of *Vienybe*
Rouses Point, N. Y., April 15

Exception

Dear Sirs: The people who live in the mining communities of southern West Virginia are certainly disappointed in the article appearing in your magazine under date of April 3—Why They Follow John L. Lewis, by Selden C. Menefee. I dare say that Mr. Menefee may have found a particular case covering any item mentioned in this article, but these cases would be the exception rather than the general rule.

While touring the city of New York in an automobile a few years ago, I was shocked at the existing living conditions in the largest city in the world, where all the modern conveniences were available and ready for use. As I saw these conditions, I thought how fortunate the employees and their families were who had the opportunity of living in rural mining communities where they could have a yard in which the children could play, a garden for raising vegetables, playgrounds for the children during the summer months, modern schools, churches, and other advantages.

G. T. STOLLINGS
Mallory, W. Va., April 23

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Let the People Know

Dear Sirs: I simply must write you about Miss Kirchwey's article, While the Jews Die, in *The Nation* of March 13. For the first time over here I have found someone who *gives words* to my feelings about this question. Long, long ago I irritated many good friends by saying to them, "You as well as I are guilty. Why do we not do anything? Why are we going on with life, knowing what is happening over there?" People got angry. Some called it hysteria. Others told me that I believed all the lies people brought to me. You see I lived in Denmark on a little island rather close to Germany. Therefore many refugees came to me. One told the other, and I had space to shelter many. I saw them. I heard them. I know. Yet at that time—before Hitler went into Denmark—it was not as it is now. Then it was only single individuals who were tortured, not the wholesale slaughter of today.

I always had my best friends among the Jews, all over the world. I am in great debt to the Jews; they have done more for me than my "own race." And sometimes I feel as if I would go crazy, not being able to do a thing. Over here, believe it or not, people refuse to hear *too much* about these murders. Of course it is because everyone, deep inside, feels his own guilt and so tries, through silence, to suppress the sting.

I was in Madison Square Garden at the Mourning Festival. And for me it was terrible to sit surrounded by countless gay young Jewish girls, as happy as if they were at a party. I do believe that what the people here need, in order to be aroused, is to have persons with authority like you tell them again and again and again what is going on.

Let me give an example of what could be done. Long ago, at the beginning of this century, when the Armenian murders were at their height, our Danish Grand Old Man, Georg Brandes, delivered a lecture upon this subject. He began by asking the women to leave the room. They did not leave. Then he said: "Well, you stay on your own responsibility!"

He opened his lecture by saying, "I know that it would not make the slightest impression upon you if I described how tens of thousands have been massacred in the most cruel way. Therefore I will tell you only about *one single case,* one single family, that was exterminated." He spoke, and to right and left women dropped, fainting. I was not there, but friends told me the next day.

I wish that the ministers every Sunday would tell about one single case. Let the people faint. Let them! But let them never lull themselves into believing that they have done all that they could do.

KARIN MICHAELIS

New York, April 15

Anderson's Letters

Dear Sirs: I am eager to secure letters written by Sherwood Anderson. They should be addressed to Mrs. Sherwood Anderson, Box 149, Marion, Virginia. If originals are forwarded they will be copied and returned immediately.

ELEANOR ANDERSON

Troutdale, Va., May 3

CONTRIBUTORS

ELY CULBERTSON'S father was an American mining engineer who went to Russia to open up the Maikop oil fields; his mother was the daughter of a Cossack general. Young Ely, though a rich man's son, took an active part in the abortive revolutionary movement of 1907. After the revolution of 1918, however, he was stranded in America without funds, and took up card-playing for a living. The rest is bridge history. In his autobiography, "The Strange Lives of One Man," he maintains that cards are only a source of income to him and that his real interests are politics and literature.

GORDON COOPER has had a lifelong interest in military history. He is a member of the American Military Institute and an associate member of the United States Naval Institute.

JOACHIM JOESTEN is an assistant editor of *Newsweek.* He is the author of "Rats in the Larder," a study of Nazi influence in Denmark before the invasion of that country.

CLEMENT GREENBERG, formerly an editor of the *Partisan Review,* is now in the army.

DAWN POWELL is the author of "A Time to Be Born," "Angels on Toast," and other novels.

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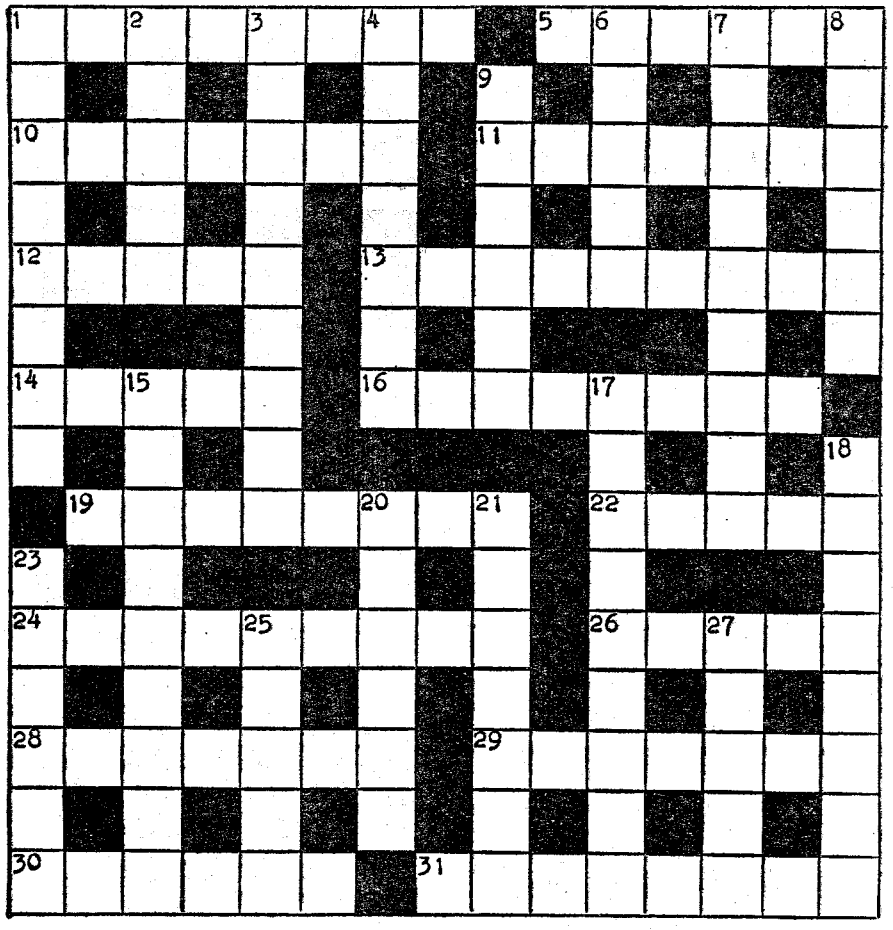
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 14

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 There's money in this, or should be
5 Influx
10 May be made in Leeds
11 Go through doesn't seem just the right definition for this (two words, 3 and 4)
12 "Sat like patience on a monument, smiling at -----" (Twelfth Night)
13 Say "Ah-h-h-h"!?
14 The best defense
16 Complicated patterns in a church
19 Creed of the hoodlum?
22 Madeleine would be mine were this other fair charmer out of it
24 Avoiding mostly what cows are generally doing
26 Left by some callers, discarded by others
28 A wan child in a loose overcoat
29 Would be less disturbing if it were noisy
30 Broken leases
31 They have risen on a point of order, perhaps

DOWN

1 It is never received in the sender's handwriting
2 Tedium
3 A line in opera
4 Coin they have little use for in the Middle West (two words, 3 and 4)
6 Ostrich's South American relative
7 Was it a tomato that Eve gave Adam? (two words, 4 and 5)
8 Dug-out that starts with active service
9 Equip a girl for the fleet
15 Loses ices (anag.)
17 A naval post
18 They go to greater lengths in war time
20 Having no rhyme so far as I know, and certainly no reason
21 Another line in opera? I imagine not!
23 Seaweed that is a sprite
25 Glorify
27 To do it to cattle is not to lift them

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 13

ACROSS:—1 HOUSE OF COMMONS; 9 RUINOUS; 10 DELILAH; 11 IRONIC; 12 PERSHING; 14 MINERAL; 15 DOYEN; 17 DEVIL; 19 LAWSUIT; 21 TOMATOES; 23 FLY OFF; 25 AZIMUTH; 26 EMBRACE; 27 SEA BOMBARDMENT.

DOWN:—1 HARDIHOOD; 2 UNIFORM; 3 EMOTIONAL; 4 FAST; 5 ODDFELLOWS; 6 MULES; 7 NULLIFY; 8 WHIG; 13 GRILLED HAM; 15 DOUBLE BED; 16 NAZI FLEET; 18 VAMPIRE; 20 TOO LATE; 21 TRAP; 22 THUMB; 24 JENA.

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